







CELINEA;

OR,

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

VOL. III.



CELINA;

OR,

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

A NOVEL.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY SARAH ANN HOOK.

I'll shew thee friendship delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die;
Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy
Deliberate on all things with thy friend. YOUNG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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C E L I N A, &c.

C H A P. I.

“ O ! my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
“ When love deplores the tyrant power of gain.
“ Distraining riches as the futile weeds,
“ I rise superior and the rich disdain.

SHESTONE.

ONE evening, after tea, as Celina was taking her leave of Mr. Clarke, and settling the excursion of the next morning at the outer door of the antichamber (Mrs. Conway having retired for the night, much fatigued with the day's amusements), a waiter put a note into her hand, which, on

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returning to her chamber, she opened—her surprise and agitation were not to be expressed, when she saw the well known writing of Edward—she examined it all round, but could not read the contents—hope and fear, joy and fear, alternately filled her breast.

At length, it informed her, that Edward was that instant arrived, had taken apartments at La Boths, where he should wait with the utmost impatience for an answer, stating, when and how she might have an interview, when he would inform her the reason of his journey, and bury the recollection of his present miseries in her company; also earnestly requested she would on no account let Mrs. Conway know of his arrival.

Celina was greatly distressed and knew not how to act; to visit or receive him secretly she much disapproved; yet her heart pleaded powerfully his cause. After much debating, she determined to see him there.

Mrs. Page was shut up for the night with her mistress; the courier and footman, as is the custom every evening, amusing themselves in some part of the city; no one to attend her but the waiter, to whom she

was not known, she knew his visit would remain a secret.

Scarcely had her answer left the room, when she found herself in Edward's arms; the tumultuous emotions that agitated his manly breast deprived him of the power of utterance; he clasped Celina fondly to his heart, while his eyes told a tale of unutterable woe!

"For heavens sake!" said Celina, "tell me the cause of all this—why this violent agitation? this speechless distress? why this sudden and secret appearance? your looks terrify me! speak, and relieve this dreadful suspense!"

"O, Celina! if you really feel that sincere and delicate affection for me, which I have long fondly flattered myself you do, the story I have to unfold will wound your susceptible heart."

"Of my affection you have now no reason to doubt, and no certain evil can torture my bosom more than the ten thousand possible ills that now crowd upon my mind."

"Where can I begin? what can I say? how tell to you my sorrows?"

"The woist first, my Edward—your un-

CELINA ; OR,

cle has discovered our attachment, and forbids the intercourse: and must the purest of all passions cease to actuate us? the sincerest of all attachments cease to exist; must all vanish and die at his command?"

"No, Celina, that cannot, shall not be the case; I have travelled post on the wings of unutterable impatience, without the knowledge of my uncle, in the hope of prevailing with you to put it out of all human power to separate us, for ever! a temporary separation must unavoidably take place, and it will be my greatest consolation and happiness to know, that you are mine by the most indissoluble of ties?"

"Press me no more, Edward, for on that subject you already know my sentiments. Favour me with a detail of what has passed between you and your uncle; being ingenuous, hide nothing from me."

"You must be obeyed, though the task is painful in the extreme."

"On my return to town I found my uncle anxiously waiting my arrival: after kindly enquiring of the health of my cousin, he informed me, he was about to visit an old friend and school-fellow, Ap Price, in Wales, and wished me to accompany him; to which I instantly consented, and the be-

ginning of the following week we left town. We were received with the most friendly cordiality by Mr. Ap Price and his family, which consisted only of himself, his wife, and daughter.

"The first fortnight of our visit passed pleasantly.

"Our mornings were spent in shooting or coursing, and our evenings in dancing and cards. Miss Ap Price was always my partner; it was of little consequence to me to what lady I gave my hand for the night, as the woman of my soul was far away, and all present possessed charms alike."

"Politeness dictated my attentions to Miss Ap Price, who can boast neither personal attractions or mental accomplishments.

"One morning, during a stroll in search of game, my uncle and I being alone, our conversation led on from one subject to another till Miss Ap Price at last became our topic. His panegyrics on his friend's fair daughter were poured forth in the highest strain of eulogium, in which I cordially agreed, and assisted in drawing some of her virtues to his view.

"I am happy, my boy, continued he, to

find your discernment so clear, and your judgment and taste so correct; she is a fine girl, and it is my wish, that, one day or other, she may make a part of my family, and the sooner the better, Ned; I long to see a son of thine before I die, that I may judge what sort of an heir thou wilt produce to my estate, which I mean to purchase before my return.

“ To-morrow we will ride over it, accompanied by my friend; it is contiguous to his, and, when he dies, the two together will be a handsome possession, neat fifteen hundred per ann. (Mr. Ap Price's is at least nine hundred).

“ It will be a good speculation, my boy; no doubt you will succeed; my old friend is much attached to you, and has with pleasure observed your polite attentions to his daughter: you are in the right road, my boy, push on, and you carry all before you; a prosperous journey this will prove my lad—she is a girl of sterling worth, ignorant of the fashionable dissipations of London—her expences may be circumscribed and directed—you may train her to your will, and make her a model of housewifery and obedience.

“ Judge, my Celina, of my heart at this

proposal; my heart became almost a petrifaction during his harangue.

" After waiting some time for my reply, he continued: what, Ned, does the idea fill you with extacy? bravo, my lad! lay the terms of dealing before her to-night; lose no time; beg her to make the confignment in your favour; tell her no house in the city does business on more equitable terms, and through your management her money will return cent. per cent.

" What, not a word yet?

" My mind distracted by the most distressing idea, my heart bursting with the most painful feelings, I determined to declare that my choice was fixed, my election made.

" After a few hems, I expressed extreme sorrow, that it was not in my power to obey him in this particular, that every other action of my life he should direct, but the choice of a wife I trusted he would leave to me.

" What say you, young man, returned he, not obey me; why? for what reason? and what better choice can you make than a woman of good fortune?

" No man in his senses would marry without the certainty of a large fortune;

woman that brings a man twenty thousand pounds repays him but ill for tying himself to her for life;—they are losing articles at best;—as to beauty and accomplishments they are all a farce.

“ She is the most desirable who has the most money; and even my friend’s daughter without money would make as intolerable a wife as my friend’s broad fac’d Welsh cook.

“ Why, Sir, you began, said I, by extolling her accomplishments and beauties.

“ So I did, Ned, but it was her fortune threw a light on them.

“ I am sorry, said I, to hear that such are your ideas of marriage, that it should be carried on between the parties as a contract of business and gain.

“ The first and principal object, in my opinion, is an enlightened, pure, untainted mind, a sympathy of sentiment,—a soft amiable disposition, and a pleasing person; these are enough to make man happy, money is but a secondary consideration; I allow it is an agreeable ingredient; but with such a woman, a mere subsistence, earned by hard labour, is preferable to every luxury on earth with Miss Ap Price.

" Very well, Sir ; very well, Sir, then it is your determination not to marry her ; you refuse, do you ? you undutiful boy ! but I will fit you, I will marry her myself ; then I shall have an heir, and you shall not have a shilling of my money !

" A woman without a fortune preferable to Miss Ap Price ! I never heard of such nonsense ; what beggar's brat with a pretty face have you got in your eye, tell me ?

" None, Sir ; it does not follow, because I cannot approve the woman you propose, I am attached to another.

" But you shall approve her ; you shall like her ! I insist upon it ; to-morrow I shall look over the estate, and no doubt shall purchase it ; I then will give you a week or two to think on the business ; I hope by that time you will come to your senses, and not persist in your idle opinions of sense and beauty—all stuff ! Who ever thought of marrying a woman for her good sense ?

" Why, you silly boy, they always presume to dictate to their husbands, and, under a vain supposition of their superiority, they contend that to rule is their province, not to be ruled : Ned, Ned, you will curse the hour you were born, if ever you marry a woman of sense, as you call them.

“ Pardon me, Sir, but I fear I should curse the hour of my birth if I married a fool !

“ Pshaw ! what matter what the woman is, if she has plenty of money, and no wish to spend it ; some of your amiable women are very extravagant, but the woman I propose to you has no idea of extravagance, and she is the only woman I shall ever consent to your marrying !

“ I shall be sorry to disobey you, Sir ; yet, in this instance, I feel it totally out of my power to do otherwise.

“ Look to your conduct, Sir ; as you obey me, so I shall deal with you.

“ He pronounced this last sentence with so menacing a frown, that it shook my very soul ; never did I see so much anger depicted in his countenance.

“ I remained silent during the rest of the walk, and, as my whole thoughts were engrossed on the late distressing subject, my eyes were seldom lifted from the ground : the game remained unsought for, and I was unconscious that I held a gun in my hand.

“ After walking a considerable time by the side of my uncle, regardless of all that passed, he said :

“ Well, Edward, I see we shall have no sport this morning, let us return.

“ I answered with a sigh.

“ As soon as we entered the house I ran to my room; there, in a most miserable state of mind, I passed the morning till dinner, I invoked the gentle spirit of my mother, to look down on the affliction of her son, and by some secret influence soften the cruel mercenary mind of my uncle, lest I should be driven to desperation. With you, my dear Celina, did I converse, till the dinner-bell aroused me from my painful reverie to a more acute sense of my situation.

“ To sit down at the table, most probably by the side of the woman, the cause of all my present sufferings, I could not bear the idea of; to pay her my accustomed civilities and attentions, I feared would not be in my power, and to act otherwise would be unmannerly.

“ As I was meditating an excuse for not appearing at dinner, my uncle entered the room. The distress visible in my countenance very much softened the asperity of his.

“ Edward, said he, in a tender accent, dinner is on table.

"Should be happy, Sir, said I, if you would make my excuse to the family—I have no appetite, and am by no means well."

"If you, Edward, said he, in the same persuasive tone, have any love and respect for me (as I once thought you had), you will oblige me in this, that you join us at table with the same good-humoured cheerfulness as before.

"Unaccustomed to dispute his will, I felt happy in the opportunity of proving my great desire to obey him in every thing but that one, on which so immediately depended my future happiness; I respectfully bowed, and prepared to follow him.

"In the dining room, we met a neighbouring gentleman, his lady, two sons and a daughter; they proved a happy relief to me, as they engrossed the conversation of Miss Ap Price, and were seated on each side of her at table. The uneasiness of my mind was visible in my countenance; I eat but little, and spoke less. The lady of the house kindly enquired what was the matter with me; after much importunity, I owned I had been taken rather unwell while out with my gun.

“ Mr. Ap Price thought he could devise the cause of my apparent uneasiness, and by a few significant nods and winks, endeavoured to acquaint his wife with his sagacity, and sought the first opportunity of placing his daughter by me, saying, now, I hope, Mr. Elistone, you will be better; you shall have plenty of toast at tea to make amends for your poor dinner; which speech he concluded with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company. I felt very much embarrassed all the evening, and, I believe, gave Miss Ap Price little reason to think, that her company was a specific for my disorder.

“ The next day my uncle purchased the estate. As soon as the title deeds were prepared and executed, we took our leave of the Ap Prices.

“ My uncle promised that he would soon return to prepare his house for a summer’s residence; while I secretly vowed never to see the detested place again, so long as my uncle persisted in his wish for me to pay my addresses to Miss Ap Price.

“ For near a fortnight after our return he treated me with his usual kindness, till the receipt of a letter from Mr. Ap Price

roused him, and he determined to demand from me implicit obedience. On the same day he received it, after dinner, we were alone; he put the decanter to me: there, Edward, fill to Miss Ap Price. I did so, saying, I had not the least objection to drink the lady's health.

“ Nor to marry her neither, I hope, said he. I made no answer. Am I to conclude your silence gives consent. No, Sir, returned I; I hope you do not think so; surely you will not still persist in urging me to marry Miss Ap Price. Besides, Sir, I have no reason to believe I shall be accepted by the lady; she may have the same invincible dislike to me that I feel towards her.

“ No, no, read that letter, taking the one from his pocket he had received that morning; it will settle all doubts on that head.

“ I took the letter; never in my life did I read such a heap of nonsense; it was a detail of their conversations concerning us since we left them, in which Miss Ap Price cut no small figure.

“ What, said my uncle, who watched my countenance while I read it, you blush, do you?

" I do indeed, Sir, blush at the sentiments and forward expressions of Miss Ap Price ; they are such as would make me despise the woman who uttered them, however I might be previously attached to her ; my behaviour to her has ever been marked by the greatest distance, nor have my attentions to her ever exceeded the bounds of common politeness.

" Then you will not marry her, exclaimed he, in an angry tone.

" I hope, Sir, returned I, you will not insist on my taking such a step, when I declare to you that it will make me miserable for life.

" Miserable ! pshaw, stuff ! impossible ; why ? you ungrateful dog, miserable indeed ! a man miserable who is in possession of fifteen hundred a year ! I never heard such stuff in my life.

" I grant, Sir, that half, nay, one quarter of that sum, would make me perfectly happy with the woman of my heart ; but, with Miss Ap Price, fifty times as much would not purchase me one hour's peace.

" And pray, Sir, who is the woman of your heart, said my uncle. As for my part, I think all women are the same ; were they

all poor, they would be all alike detestable, and were they all rich they would be all alike delightful: so tell me, Sir, who is the woman of your heart; if she is rich you may marry her to-morrow, but if poor never with my consent; and more than that, if you marry without, you shall be utterly discarded, you shall never have a shilling of mine.

“ Pardon me, Sir, I have never said that my heart was engaged; and I am sorry to find you entertain so unfavourable an opinion of females in general.

“ Well, Ned, I shall give you two days to consider of it; and, if you do not then think fit to oblige me and marry Miss Ap Price, I shall think fit to send you out of the kingdom for a year or two, and I dare swear in time you will be brought to your senses.

“ Dispose of me as you like, my dear uncle, said I, send me wherever you please, any thing but marry me to Miss Ap Price.

“ It shall be a terrible journey to you, returned he.

“ I will undertake it, said I, with pleasure, if it does but free me from any further importunities respecting Miss Ap Price.

" Well, well, you know my will, take your choice. I bowed and withdrew.

" The two following days passed as usual. On the evening of the third, after supper, when the clerks had retired, my uncle looking at me with a mild but serious countenance : Edward, said he, have you settled the matter in debate? will you confine yourself to the care of a wife, or export yourself to some other market?

" In the most submissive manner, I replied: believe me, my dear uncle, it gives me the severest pain to act contrary to your wishes; never till now did I murmur at a command from you; I trust you will pardon this act of disobedience as it is the first. I feel this rebel heart can never even esteem the woman you command it to love; and I hold it both in a moral and religious light, less unpardonable to be wanting in my duty to you than to the woman I have vowed to love and cherish for life; and if nothing but giving my hand to Miss Ap Price, or performing this terrible journey will suffice, I chuse the last—though heaven knows with what reluctance I shall quit your paternal roof, and turn my back upon my native land!

“ Very well, Sir, you have your whim, and I have mine; so hold youself in readiness to depart this day week.

“ To what part of the globe, asked I.

“ To India, said he.

“ Are there any ships about to sail, Sir?

“ No, returned he, you shall go by land, it will give you a zest for travelling; and two or three days journey over the deserts will make you sigh for Miss Ap Price and the Glenwellin estate.

“ I shall sigh for nothing but the loss of your affection and regard; but if it is to be preserved only at the expence of my future peace and happiness, I go wherever you direct, sinking under the weight of your displeasure.

“ Enough, Sir, I see you are determined, so am I; make every necessary preparation for your journey, and take what money you want: by this day week I shall get the letters ready, also directions for your rout, and letters of credit to several houses in the different capitals you may pass through, in Turkey, Egypt, and Madras. I bowed assent; yet believe me, this last command sunk my heart to the lowest state of despondence.

" The rest of the evening passed in receiving instructions from my uncle, which he concluded by saying, if you perform this commission well, you will establish us in a very advantageous and lucrative line. Don Esteffana, of Aleppo, was formerly my most intimate friend, and, during your father's life, I dealt largely with him : when your father was wrecked, he had a very valuable cargo with him from that house of Don Estaffana : he is a Maltese by birth, and was four years in England before he was twenty years old ; and at that time our friendship was formed—no doubt he will be happy to see the son of Captain Eli-stone, as he always spoke of him in the warmest terms—he has children, and if you bring one of his daughters with twenty or thirty thousand pounds, why, I will say no more about Miss Ap Price.

" The idea that, after travelling over burning fands, and encountering so many perils and dangers, I should at last meet with a man who had a friendship for my father, in some degree revived my drooping spirits ; and after taking a few more glasses of wine than usual, in which we toasted Don Esteffana and his daughters, I retired to bed, but sleep was a stranger to my eyes,

you occupied my thoughts the greatest part of the night, and after having in imagination repos'd my griefs in your bosom, I fell into a sweet but short sleep.

" As soon as I arose, I went in search of Mr. Dott, the only confidential friend I have: he was already in the compting house; we went together into the parlour, and I told him briefly my uncle's fixed determination. As he had been long in possession of the secret of our loves, and I knew him to be a tried and faithful friend—I felt the greatest consolation and comfort in making the distresses of my heart known to him—in his faithful bosom they would be treasured up, and by his counsels I was much assisted.

" The certainty of my leaving England, and on so dangerous an expedition as to India over land, greatly afflicted him.

" In the evening he came to my room, and told me, that he thought it would be quite as expedient, and he was sure far more agreeable for me, to take the shortest road through Germany to Naples, and from thence hire a vessel to Alexandria.

" This suggestion filled me with rapture, and I formed my plans accordingly. I felt no longer that reluctance and indifference

about the preparations for my journey, but thought the five remaining days ten.

“ On the evening before my departure I took leave of my uncle. He embraced me in the most affectionate manner—told me I was an obstinate cruel boy, to put him to such a trial—bid God bless me—then wiping away a tear that stood in either eye, left the room, saying, he did not think the parting would have given him so much pain.

“ I followed him and begged another blessing and embrace—which he granted, and added: remember Edward, I am the only parent you ever knew, to me you owe all the duty and affection of a son.

“ I have ever loved and honoured you as a father, answered I, and never but in one instance did I disobey you---and on that subject I trust you will ere long think as I do; surely, in a matter that so nearly interests a child’s future happiness a father’s power cannot be absolute.

“ Well, my dear boy, said he, it is done: go, perform this commission with your usual abilities and address—return and make me happy—you have the means ; the ultimatum of my wishes is to see you a rich man.

"In the morning, my friend Dott accompanied me to Yarmouth, and the next evening saw me safe on board a packet bound to Hamburgh; from which place, I have been only twenty days in travelling to Naples: and O Celina! my beloved Celina! this is the first happy moment I have felt since we parted at Falmouth."

Celina listened, whilst many different emotions agitated her breast. Love, hope, fear, and pity, alternately triumphed, and she dreaded to speak what each passion urged: pity bade her relinquish all claim to Edward, and send him back to his uncle and Miss Ap. Price; but love, hope, and fear, bid her hold him close to that heart which beat for him alone, and without him could know no peace or ease.

"Why this silence, my Celina," said Edward, "you are not glad to see me?"

"The sight of you, Edward, was ever to me the extreme of happiness; but to see you under such circumstances wounds me to the soul; that I should have taught you disobedience! that for me you are driven an alien from your country and friends, the thought is more than I am able to bear."

“Return, my Edward! return and make your uncle happy, wound not his peace, make the evening of his days cheerful; cast not a cloud on his setting sun, by opposing his will; leave Celina to her fate! she exonerates you from all former promises.”

“And can you,—do you, Celina, give me up with so much apathy? and have I travelled so many hundred miles, to learn that Celina loves me not! that she despises—hates me! O God! O God! this is the worst of all my sorrows, and life is now no longer desirable.”

“Mistake me not, Edward; you hold the same place in my affections you ever did; yet those affections would give up their dearest object—this heart would resign its only treasure, rather than the crime of disobedience and ingratitude should be alledged against the man of its choice.”

“I have neither acted with disobedience nor ingratitude, I have only in one instance stood in opposition to my uncle;—self-preservation is the first law of nature, and it was only to preserve myself that I opposed my uncle.”

“I wish in doing so, my Edward, you may preserve yourself; my mind forebodes dreadful things.”

“ The mere effect, Celina, of agitated nerves ; all will yet be well, and it is in your power to let me depart from hence the happiest man in the universe.”

“ How, Edward, tell me ? the utmost of my power shall be exerted to render you the least service.”

“ Give me but a legal right to call you mine before I leave Naples, I then will set all its ills at defiance, encounter all dangers with firmness, and be doubly assiduous in preserving a life, which I shall have the most convincing proof is dear to you.

“ If you persist in denying me this indubitable certainty of the sincerity of your love, and send me a wretched wanderer, groaning under the privation of every earthly good, and the only hope on which hangs all my happiness—the confidential hope that I am still dear to you.—If I am convinced that the woman for whose sake I have abandoned my friends and native country, no longer esteems or regards me, what have I left to make life desirable, or support my harassed mind under the dreadful weight of its sufferings ? Drive me not then to despair, Celina, but bless me with a ray of cheering hope.”

The pathos and energy with which he spoke this last sentence, nearly melted Celina to a promise of her hand ; but cold prudence faintly returned to her aid, and she begged him to allow her a few days to determine.

“ Then you still give me hopes,” said he, clasping her in his arms, “ do not damp them again.”

Celina reminded him it was time to part, and promised to meet him at an early hour, in the morning, at the Villa Reale.

From the agitation of her mind it was long before she fell asleep, which was short and broken. She rose early to take her accustomed walk, but with more than her accustomed anxiety ; in the Villa Reale she saw Edward, near the beautiful piece of sculpture Toro Ferneze ; his attention was arrested by the exquisite workmanship, and his feelings interested by the lively expression of fear and supplication in the countenance and attitude of the woman, while pity and love triumphing over resentment and jealousy, were finely pourtrayed in the softening look of the younger brother ; and the savage ferocity of the bull, and the malignant black revenge pictured in every feature of the elder brother, filled

him with horror. In contemplating the beauties and horror of this interesting groupe, Celina surprised him.

He felt no longer that anxiety excited by the living statues ; his whole thoughts instantly reverted to his own distresses.

“ This early attention to your promise is, my dear Celina, very kind, and I hope is a happy presage to my wishes.”

“ You cannot hope that on a matter of such moment I can decide so soon ; you must allow me some days, nay weeks, to form my resolution.”

“ That, my Celina, is unreasonable ; indeed, I fear I cannot prolong my stay to weeks ; and to leave you the instant you have made me happy, will be impossible. Determine my fate quickly—my present suspense is insupportable.”

“ I cannot—Urge me no more, dear Edward, on this subject, I beseech you ; the moment I can bring my mind to a decisive determination I will inform you.”

“ Afford me, Celina, even but the shadow of hope that you will decide in my favour, and if possible, I will be silent on the subject, till you in kindness shall think proper wholly to relieve me from this cruel state of suspense.”

Celina smiled ; they had nearly reached the top of the Grotto Posilipo, when she desired him to take a view of the delightful bay—the scene was enchanting.

She then led him to the tomb of Virgil, and as he was an enthusiastic admirer of his writings, he viewed the depositary of his sacred remains with reverential awe : after examining minutely the inside of the mausoleum, he climbed the top, which was overgrown with a variety of wild flowers. Near the centre grew a beautiful little laurel, whose branches, to a fanciful eye, encircled the ashes of the immortal writer, and in defiance of the rude hand of the stranger (who plucked its young boughs regardless of its sacred trust) grew and flourished; an emblem of the never dying fame of the ancient bard.

“ This is a most gratifying sight Celina ; here could I sit and re-peruse the works of Virgil with inexpressible delight, and point with extacy to the inanimate dust of the most animated writer, those passages I most admired, and pay adoration to this lovely laurel for the sacred charge it has chosen.”

“ When you play the truant, I shall know where to find you ; and as you will

have many hours in the day unemployed, many in which I cannot possibly be with you, I hope you will find much amusement in this, and many other places that you must visit."

" I shall visit none with pleasure, unless my Celina accompanies me."

" I shall give you as much of my time as in my power ; it is now Mrs. Conway's breakfast hour, we must part."

Edward conducted her to the end of the Villa Reale, where they separated ; and Celina promised to see him in the evening, either at the the Crochelle, or near the Toro Fernese, which she would let him know.

On her return she found Mrs. Conway still in bed, where she took her coffee, and found herself unable to go out, as Celina had appointed, with Mr. Clarke ; therefore, after breakfast he took his leave, and Celina passed the day in her friend's bed-room.

As Edward was going up the stairs leading to his apartment, he met a gentleman, whose face he thought he knew. The stranger was struck with the same idea, and stopt ; they soon recognised each other, and felt equal pleasure at the meeting. Mr.

Bentham returned with Edward to his apartments, and they took breakfast together, and spent much time in recounting past pleasures.

At school their acquaintance first commenced ; and during the six years they remained there, they were sworn friends, and partners in every thing—in all the little combats either were engaged in, the other was his second ; in short, their friendship was such that they soon were known by no other name throughout the school than Castor and Pollux.

Mr. Bentham proposed to dine together, to which Edward agreed, but begged it might be at his apartments.

Mr. Bentham asked him to walk, saying, he had some business with the English Consul, to whom he would introduce him

“ I suppose,” added he, “ you are come here on commercial business, and as he is at the head of all such concerns, it is right you should pay your respects to him as early as possible.

“ When did you arrive?”

“ Last night ; but I have no business to transact in this city. I came merely to see it,” sighed Edward, “ here lays my busi-

ness, shewing him the superscription of a letter addressed to Segran Esteffana, at Aleppo."

" What, my friend ! are you going to take such a d—d journey !—for what purpose ? Why did not your uncle send some other person ?—*I would not go for all the uncles in the world.*"

" O, the journey is nothing ! Come let us go ; I wish to be acquainted with the Consul, as he may be of great use to me, in advising me how to proceed from hence."

Mr. Bentham presented Edward to the Consul, who received him with great politeness, and begged them to dine with him the next day.

After walking over a great part of the city, they returned to dinner. While they were taking their wine, Mr. Bentham proposed to spend the evening at the theatre. Edward was unwilling to consent, yet knew not what excuse to make, having just before confessed he had no business, but came only to see the city ; while he was in this dilemma, a servant entered with a note from Celina ; as he delivered it, he said, La respondate a Signora. No, said Edward—the servant withdrew.

Mr. Bentham's eyes were fixed on his face, which glowed with an animated blush.

"I give you joy, my friend, not twenty-four hours in Naples, and receiving billet doux from la Signoras. I have been more than a month, and this not my first visit, yet I have had not one *affaire de amore* on my hands. Let me advise you to be careful. It is dangerous to make visits to most of the kind ladies here."

Edward was extremely hurt at the natural, though wrong conclusion his friend had drawn from the note, and the question of the servant.

He continued silent and embarrassed, debating in his mind whether it would be more prudent to let it pass as his friend believed, or develope the truth; the latter would be either acquiring assistance which he much wanted, and which he thought he might find in Bentham, or risking the exposure of his secret conduct: but the former would throw a stigma on the character of Celina, and that idea wounded the purity of his intentions.

His friend began to rally him on his awkward silence, and the high tint of his cheek.

“ I see, my friend, you are but a novice in the art of gallantry, but believe me, la Signora will soon instruct you; be sure you only undertake to be *Cavalier de Amore*, for, by G—d, if you once commence la *Cavalier de Danare*, they will soon ruin you. But such is the violent attachment the ladies of this country conceive for a fine English fellow, that if he be mean enough to sell his services, he may pick up a pretty living among the rich wives of this city.”

“ Bentham, you have run me at a most unmerciful length. Can you for one moment be serious?”

“ Yes, my dear fellow, for half an hour. Now what grave tale have you got to tell me about this *Donna Liberi*? She is young no doubt, and rich, at least her husband is, and that is the same thing.

“ Well, but it is time to attend the assignation; you will give but a poor proof of your *Tenerezza* if you are one moment behind your appointed time.”

“ If you knew how grossly you mistake the character of the woman this note came from, you would blush at the liberties you take—her virtues and worth deserve more respect.”

“ Upon my soul, you have the quickest penetration, and the clearest discernment of any man I ever knew. You can have seen her but once, and you pretend to have discovered her virtues. I never, after a minute enquiry for months, could discover a single virtue in any of them.”

“ Bentham, you are a trifler—a character I never thought you would assume.”

“ And, upon my soul, it is assumed, if you discover any thing of the kind about me.”

“ I do ; and fear you are not worthy of the confidence I was about to repose in you ; however, in justice to the writer of this note, I must inform you, that she is an English lady, and one for whom I feel the highest esteem and regard.”

“ By all that’s bright, I beg the lady ten thousand pardons ; and believe me, upon my life Elliston, I did not mean to offend.

“ As to the sincerity of my friendship, you have had proofs of in our boyish days ; and believe me, I am no changeling ; nor would I have had my joke at the expence of your feelings, had I suppos'd it was a matter where in your feelings were arrested.

“ In giving me a proof that you are still of the same forgiving amiable disposition as formerly, you will also give me an opportunity of clearing myself of all injurious suspicions my volatile tongue may have led you to form ; and till you admit me to your confidence I shall feel myself unworthy. If your situation be such as I can render you my services, either by advice, or more active offices,—command me. Give me your hand, let us still be Castor and Pollux.”

Edward accepted the concessions of his friend, and immediately related his attachment to Celina—her precise situation—and his uncle’s determination to marry him to some rich woman—declared, that he took the journey to Naples with the view of prevailing on Celina to marry him previous to his going to Aleppo, and from thence over the vast track of land to fort St. George.

Mr. Bentham heard him with great concern. The interesting distresses of his friend threw a damp on his spirits, and a gloom on his countenance for the evening.

The time Celina had appointed to meet Edward arrived, and he hastened to the Toro Ferneze.

Bentham declared he would sit at home, and study how to serve him.

On Edward's return, he found him in a very contemplative mood.

"Ellistone, has she consented?"

"Would to God, Bentham, I could say she had!"

"I do not like this journey to Aleppo, and the devil knows where—or with whom. Cannot you remain here with œconomy! a few pounds will serve for a month or two; in that time write to your uncle, tell him that you do not like to undertake the journey; if he will not permit you to return, some employment may be found—some house or other will want assistance in London, where we will go together, and I will be bound to provide for you."

"Miss Morley, you say, is not ambitious—at the feast where love presides, little will suffice, and that little I will guarantee to you."

"I have powerful friends, do me the favour of giving me an opportunity to prove them."

"Your offers are kind, and your solicitude for my happiness still kinder; but only in one instance can I prevail on myself to run counter to my uncle's wishes, and that so nearly concerns my future happiness, that I think the world will acquit me of the

crime of disobedience and ingratitude; but in no other point could I acquit myself.

“No, my friend, I will go the journey; no doubt it will be to my advantage in the end. I have so reconciled my mind to the task, that if I depart the happy husband, instead of the despairing lover, I shall realize my present wishes.”

“If you are so determined, there is nothing left for me but to wish you success, which I most sincerely do.”

“Yes, there is yet more; Can you inform me in what manner we can be married, should Celina consent to my ardent entreaties?”

“That may be easily accomplished, for should there be no English clergyman here, the Consul is empowered to marry all protestants. I will undertake to speak to him on the subject when you think fit.”

In the course of the evening Mr. Bentham expressed a desire to be introduced to Miss Morley, which Edward promised to do the first opportunity.

The next morning he met Celina at the tomb of Virgil; her countenance bore strong marks of the distress of her mind. Mrs. Conway had been extremely ill all the night, which much alarmed her.

Edward trembled for his cousin's health, and much he wished to see her, but dared not.—He kept his promise, in not renewing the subject nearest his heart.—He related to her the substance of his conversation with Mr. Bentham the preceding evening; also that gentleman's wish to be introduced to her.

" Celina said, she would have that honour the first opportunity; and if his cousin did not grow worse, she would, the next day, take a ride for a few hours, as Mrs. Conway was always unhappy at her staying at home all day, but she would let him know early in the morning; at the usual time they parted; when Celina told him not to rise too early from table, but take his wine quietly with the Consul, for he had a conversation in the evening to which she was engaged, and certainly should be there if Mrs. Conway was no worse.

Celina went to the Consul's, in company with some ladies who lodged in the same aubergo.—On entering the drawing-room, they were received by the Consul's daughters.

The gentlemen, English like, had not yet left the dining-room;—in a short time

the noise of much company coming in, roused them.

Celina, whose eyes were continually turned towards the door, felt the most violent palpitation at her heart; and a deep colour suffused her cheek, when she saw Edward, and his friend, enter.

She dreaded the scrutinizing eye of Mr. Bentham, whom she feared would view her as the bane of Edward's happiness—as the basilisk on which he had looked to certain death, or what was worse—to ruin.

The sweet timidity these thoughts cast on her countenance, naturally soft and impressionable, rendered her a most interesting object—Bentham viewed her with admiration.

Edward introduced his friend to Celina, who immediately took his seat by her, and was truly charmed both with her conversation and manners.

She had cautioned Edward not to speak to her too frequently, least the ladies, with whom she came, should observe it.

In the course of the evening, she promised to be at the Chiaja by eight o'clock the next morning, where Edward and Bentham met her, and they drove to Cuma, Bayia, and to several other places, to view the natural curiosities.

During their excursion, Edward prevailed on her to promise, that she would the next day sit for her miniature, and he also would have his done by the same painter, who engaged to complete them both in twelve days.

Celina and Edward never failed to see each other once or twice a day; and while Mrs. Conway was confined to her apartments, Celina made several little excursions with him, and his friend; but, as Mrs Conway a little recovered, her time was more engaged in riding with her in the forenoons; and at night, reading and conversing with her till the hour of rest, which was generally pretty early.

One evening, at parting, Edward told Celina, that he should not see her the next day, as he was going to Salerno, and should visit Pompea in his way.

He also informed her, that he had agreed with a captain to take him to Alexandria—the time of departure would be fixed the next day—that he thought Sunday night would be the time.

“ This is Thursday, my Celina, and you have not determined my fate—for near three weeks have I forborne to speak on

that most interesting of all subjects, agreeable to your command, hoping you would every day pronounce my sentence—To-morrow you must decide—condemn me not, my love, to despair!—Send me not hopeless into banishment—I am not an acquaintance of yesterday—You have long known my virtues and vices; my merits and faults—Surely the decision might ere this have been made—Now, must I only taste of happiness for a moment, and then fly from it”

Celina heard of Edward's departure with the deepest concern; she had lulled herself with the hope, that he would have prolonged his stay for some time.

The intervening hours from Thursday to Saturday passed in the most uncomfortable state of indeterminate doubt; earnestly, but vainly did she wish for the presence of her dear Mary.—The consolation of her friendly advice was denied her.

We do not, sighed Celina to herself, know the full value of a sincere friend, or any earthly blessing, till deprived of it.

“ O Mary! your prudent admonitions would warn me of the danger I am about to fall into. You would help me to form resolutions, and strengthen them when formed—It is in vain that I strive against such

powerful adversaries—My own heart opposes itself against my better sense!—and all I fear will fall!"

After a variety of painful conflicts, she came to the resolution of refusing her hand; she despised the duplicity with which she must act towards Mrs. Conway, if she became the wife of Edward; and she feared the ruin it might bring on him, should it be known to his uncle.

Firm in this resolution, she met Edward on the morning appointed—He was already on the spot.

"It is an age, my Celina, since we met, and a few hours ago, I thought never to have seen you more."

"You alarm me, Edward, what has been the matter? What accident has happened?"

"On returning last night from Salerno, where we had imprudently staid too late, as we passed the borders of the wood, near Cava, part of a banditti attacked us; they stopped the carriage, and were about to drag us out, when the driver informed them we were foreigners.

"The one who had his stiletto raised to give the blow, asked, if we were about to

leave Naples. The driver answered, yes; I told them to take what we had, but not to murder us; they then, without saying a word, proceeded to rifle our pockets.

“ The robber who was engaged with me let something fall, I soon perceived it to be my picture, which Gerando had sent home the night before; your’s I immediately tied round my neck, which escaped the villain’s notice.

“ I begged them to return it, but in vain; urging, that it could be of no value to them.

“ They told me, it was not their custom to return any thing; that we ought to be thankful for our lives; if we spoke of the robbery, or caused any persuit, it would be worse for those they might stop in future; they immediately returned to the wood, and we proceeded to Naples with the loss of our cash; but the loss of the miniature has given me more trouble than twice the sum they took from me could have done.

“ I have been to Gerando, but he is gone to Caserto, and will not return for two or three days. I then applied to another, but he has not time to attend me for the first fitting till Monday, and by that

time I shall be some leagues on my journey."

" I am sincerely thankful that they spared your life—I trembled at the recollection of the dangers you have escaped; yet the loss of the miniature gives me great concern."

" I am very unhappy that it is not in my power to sit for another."

" I hope, Edward, you do not go so soon as Sunday night!"

" I do indeed; it is certainly fixed, and let me now ask, Am I to depart the happy husband of my Celina, or the miserable, hopeless, banished lover?"

Celina's heart sunk at the idea of Edward's leaving her—her strength failed her, and in the greatest agitation she scarcely articulated:

" Edward! prudence and candour forbid this secret marriage that you urge—Go—I solemnly vow to hold myself free from all engagements, and will yield my hand to you, whenever you shall demand it, with the consent of your uncle; or, when you are so far independent, that it is no longer a duty incumbent on you to ask it."

" And is this your fixed resolution, my adorable Celina!"

"It is—it is—it must indeed be so, my Edward!"

"Heaven and earth!—What do I hear!—I despise the lukewarm passion that yields so easily to the icy dictates of prudence.—Farewell Celina! and may your bosom, that repository of frigid sentiment, never feel the burning pangs of ardent, hopeless love!—You have refined in your cruelty!—tortured me for more than three weeks on the rock of suspence!—and now you have given the coup de main!—Adieu!—Adieu, cruel Celina!—

"If kind reason presides for the few days I have yet to linger, I will, in my last moments, ask blessings on you.—May you hereafter reflect on me, and my sufferings, with the same apathy you now behold me depart, in all the wild delirium of despair!"—

He then put his hand to his head—sighed piteously, and left her with precipitance.

His sighs—his countenance, in which various passions were depicted, struck her with horror!—She sunk motionless on the earth, but as she fell, she uttered a piercing cry, which arrested Edward's steps.—He looked back, saw her on the ground.—

Love and pity led him to her—Nor could he bear to leave the idol of his soul, without a more tender adieu!—he raised her in his arms—She looked up—sighed—

“ O, my Edward! do not thus leave me.”

“ Would to heaven I could stay with you for ever! yet, my dear Celina, since that cannot be, why do you cruelly refuse to make that separation as happy as is in your power. My cousin can have no controul over your actions; nor will you commit the breach of any duty by consenting to our union.—To her you owe none, but that of friendship, and of so young a growth, it does not authorise you to repose every secret of your heart in her bosom.”

“ I do not consider myself bound in duty to look to Mrs. Conway for the direction of my conduct; yet we are, in my opinion, answerable, in some degree, for our actions to all with whom we are connected, or related—and an act of duplicity I despise—Teach me not, my friend, to tread dissimulation’s winding way.

“ Remember the natural, though ideal sufferings of Lady Randolph, if I, like her, should mourn in *secret* a husband slain!—think of the *endless misery* I should endure.

“ I dread—indeed—I dread this journey. Bentham, your friend too, speaks of it with dismay.—Could I prevail on you to relinquish that, I know not what I might not consent to.”

“ Yet what do I say; no, my Edward, I would not have you doubly displease your uncle.”

“ O Celina! do not thus distract me by anticipating evils that may never come—Let us think and hope for the best.”

“ I do—I will—There are some consolations left me; when friends are separated, what delicious reflections does the mind enjoy, when revisiting the cool luxurious valley, or climbing the craggy mountain;—recent scenes of virtuous friendship—scenes rendered sacred by the soft intercourse of sympathetic souls. Each tree, each shrub reminds us of the object of our fondest wishes—they recal the mind with delectable pleasure to past joys, and lead it on, with hope, to future endearments. It is then we feel the chain that unites our souls!”

“ No, my Edward, while I have before my eyes objects you have looked on with delight, I can never be wholly miserable.”

“ The beautiful Bay of Naples, the Villa Reale, and the Grotto Pezilipo, all, all my dear Edward, will be objects of delight to me; for, when hanging on your arm, you pointed out their beauties, and taught me to admire them.

“ Constantly shall I visit this favourite tomb—here will I sit and recount the tender vows we each have made, and pass whole hours in praying for your safety.

“ This lovely little laurel, so much admired by you, will I attend with a fostering hand; and as I press beneath my feet the aromatic herbs, I shall feel pleasure in thinking yours have pressed those very herbs before.”

“ Yes, my Celina, these may be all some consolation to you, but not *one* of them can be *mine*.—Am I not doomed to travel through barbarous and unknown lands (unknown at least to me), over the burning sands of Arabia—to brave the wild Arabs—to encounter difficulties unthought of.—In vain shall I look round for trees or herbs, ruins or temples, or any spot rendered sacred from having been viewed and admired by you.

“ Few are the lenitives my situation will admit of, and the only one in your power

you cruelly deny!—O Celina! give me the right of calling you mine!—Grant me the greatest of blessings, that of saying, when I look at this dear copy, that *the dear original is my own—irrevocably my own.*”

He took Celina’s minature from his bosom and pressed it to his lips, then replaced it near his heart.

“ Oh!” sighed Celina, “ may those wretches know no peace that tore from you that little picture which I fondly hoped would have been my companion in your absence.”

“ Were it possible, my dear Celina, I would defer my departure for a few days, on purpose to have another likeness taken; but that cannot be—the ship is engaged, and to-morrow evening, I am to be torn from all that makes life dear to me—from—my—Ce—lina!”

Here he ceased; confluxing passions arrested the words on his tongue.

“ No, my Edward! I would not that you should prolong your stay on that account; your image is too deeply engraven on my heart, to render your picture necessary to remind me of *love* and *you*.—I can think of nothing else---my mind’s eye can see no other object.”

“ I am well assured of the strength and delicacy of your attachment ; I know you to be superior to most of your sex—that you possess great strength of mind—that you are *firm* in your resolves, all this do I well know. I am convinced how religiously you will respect your vows, yet *Celina* I cannot help wishing you would *repeat* them in the presence of one who is empowered to join our hands ; I shall then depart from Naples one of the happiest of mankind.”

“ Have you well weighed what you ask of me ? think what would be the consequence if it should be known ? I have little to fear, my dear and *only* parent would not withhold his blessing from us ; but should your *obdurate* uncle ever hear that you have bestowed your hand without his consent, and on a person whom he deems unworthy, it would ruin you for ever. And I, my dear Edward, exist under the knowledge of having drawn on you the displeasure of your uncle, and reduced you to a state of indigence ? No——impossible !”

“ Nay, Celina, talk not so. In the journey I am now about to take, I shall enlarge my acquaintance, and shall establish a correspondence, independent of my uncle, which will afford me the means of supporting my dear Celina in the manner she deserves, then will it be my *pride* to shew to my friends, and the world, the *inestimable woman* I am in possession of.”

When Celina asked herself the question, Should she part with him as her lover, or her husband? Prudence said, lover—represented to her, how much her conduct would be condemned by her friends, particularly by Mrs. Conway, under whose care she was, should it come to her knowledge that she was Edward’s wife.—But *heart*, said *husband*, and too effectually it pleaded his cause!

She held out her hand—he took it tenderly, and pressed it to his heart, while she faintly sighed,

“ Edward, I am *your’s*!

“ I find I must yield to your *too* powerful arguments. You have an advocate in my breast that irresistibly pleads your cause. But O, my Edward, are you cer-

tain that security may not *weaken* your *love*? Will not cool indifference succeed passion?"

Here Edward, by his looks, spoke unutterable grief and dismay at this unexpected suspicion she discovered.

She read in his expressive countenance what passed in his mind, and it spoke more forcibly to her heart than the most laboured speech, or the most ardent vows of constancy.

"Pardon me, Edward," said she, tenderly taking his hand, "Pardon my (*I hope*) unjust suspicions. I do indeed believe the vows you have made, and that you religiously mean to keep them: but no man is infallible; may not time and change of place make an alteration in your sentiments and opinions.

"May I not fear the fair daughters of the East? Will my Edward at no future time feel his Celina a clog—an impediment to his brighter prospects?"

"Should that ever be the case, bitter indeed will be the reflection to me.—Well I know the endearing name of husband will enhance my love; while, perhaps, that of

wife may act as a repellant to your affection."

" Believe me, Celina, your fears are ungrounded; have we not been frequently separated for months without even the comfort of correspondence—have we not both felt and declared, that absence had strengthened our loves; surely, my amiable girl cannot have fallen into the common error, that for the attainment of which hast cost months, nay years of anxiety and care; yet when once attained, we no longer prize.

" My angelic Celina! who is probity and stability itself, cannot suppose the man she has honoured with her esteem and affection can be so rapacious a wretch."

Celina felt this gentle reflection—her heart still told her he was worthy of her utmost confidence.

The delightful moments fled too swiftly, and the elevation of the sun warned them to part ere they had well settled their plan for a secret union.

Bentham had previously hinted to his friend, the Consul, the real cause of Elston's leaving England, and undertaking

this hazardous journey; he found him ready to assist them.

This Edward told Celina, and it was agreed she should go to the Festino the next evening.

C H A P. II.

The trackless wave no traces bore ;
The bark far out of sight,
Sweet bride ! thy heart sad sighs have tore ;
Thy woes are dark as night !

CELINA returned slow, and meditating on what she was about to do ; Mrs. Conway was up, and waiting breakfast, to whom she apologised for her long absence.

Edward stepped away to a more lively tune. He flew to Bentham's apartment—“She is mine !—Bentham, she is mine !—My friend, give me joy !—She has consented !”

“Well, Well ; I do give you joy, but do not go out of your senses before you are married—*afterwards*, it is no uncommon thing.”

“ Pshaw ! I never knew so strange a fellow—when I am depressed and low spirit-ed, you are ready to jump over the moon ; now I have cause to rejoice, you draw out a long face, and look as dismal as an un-dertaker.”

“ So it should be—so it should be, or else we should go mad together. Well now, but how, or when are you to be mairried ; let me know that I may proceed accordingly. But first of all to breakfast, for I assure you, I have been both *fasting* and praying for you these two hours.”

During breakfast Edward related how far they had agreed respecting their union ; Bentham then went finally to settle with the Consul.

On his return, he called on Mrs. Willoughby and her nieces, in whose apartment he met Mrs. Conway and Celina ; to the former Mrs. Willoughby introduced him, and he conversed with her for some time ; when he was taking leave, Mrs. Conway requested his company to tea, to meet Mrs. Willoughby and her Nieces, which invitation he accepted—it was just what he wished.

Edward was happy to hear that his friend was to be received as a visitor at his cousin's, as he hoped, after his departure, he would be the guardian and attendant of Celina; and he being privy to their attachment, it would be a consolation to her to converse with him of her absent husband.

With joy he saw Bentham depart to obey Mrs. Conway's invitation, and with impatience waited his return.

In the course of the evening, the next day being the second Sunday in the Carnival, Mr. Bentham proposed making a party to the Festino, to which Mrs. Willoughby agreed, saying, she and her nieces would be happy to be accompanied by him, as they had never been to San Carlos on such an occasion.

She then requested Miss Morley to be of the party; Mrs. Conway replied, she had not the least objection, if Celina wished it; who answered, she had no particular desire, as she found Mrs. Conway would find the evening long and irksome alone.

This objection Mrs. Willoughby removed by observing, they should not go till near the hour of Mrs. Conway's retiring to rest. It was concluded that Mr. Bentham should

be with them by seven o'clock the next evening, to conduct them to the masquerade.

Celina, though she affected an indifference about going, felt an indescribable anxiety till it was settled.

"Miss Morley," said Miss Derwent, "what character shall you appear in?"

"None, Madam, I have not abilities to support any character; a black domino, a cocked hat, and plume of white feathers, are what I shall endeavour to procure, with a black mask."

"Lord! my dear, nobody will take notice of you: I will give you some character, and make myself the subject of every toilette for many mornings."

"I am sure," returned Celina, "I should be the subject of ridicule for weeks if I attempted any character."

"Nonsense! how you talk, my dear, Why, now a gypsy, a ballad singer, or a fortune-teller, or any such like, would be monstrous charming."

"O sister!" cried Miss Amaranthe, "then I have a delectable thought in my head!—O, it is delightful!—it is charming!"

“ What?----why?----Do tell us,” returned Miss Derwent and Miss Melissa.

“ Why, then, we three will go in the character of the three Fates. I will be Lachesis, and hold the spindle; you must be Clotho, and spin the thread; and Miss Melissa shall be Atropus, and be armed with a monstrous pair of scissars.”

“ My blue muslin will make a delightful dress for the occasion; I have some gold foil, and I will go and cut out a quantity of stars to stick on it.”

“ O dear! it will be delightful,” said Miss Derwent, “ But what must I wear?”

“ You----why you must have a white dress, and a long piece of blue muslin pinned on your head, to fall down behind; and you Miss Atropus, must be clothed in black and white.”

“ But, my dear, there will not be time to get all ready; consider to-morrow is Sunday.”

“ O! indeed aunt, there will be plenty of time,” exclaimed all, “ we will go and set Mingon to work immediately.”

“ But stop, my dears, you have not considered what character I shall appear in.”

"O, dear ! I don't know," said Miss Derwent, "Sisters, what character shall my untake?"

"Why---why, I think Death would do very well to attend the Fates."

"Death ! child---Death !---me go as Death ! No, never. Death is a male, and you never can make a male of me."

"O, aunt ! but you know there is a goddes of Death ; she is called Mors."

"O, well, if it is a goddes, it will do. But must I carry a scythe?"

"No ; if you have a scymeter it will do. Your dress must be black and white striped, and your mask a death's face."

"Very well, as you like."

Away flew the ladies to prepare for the masquerade.

What a charming idea Mr. Bentham, of my niece Amaranthe---Was it not the Fates ! Who but she could have thought of such a thing---so elegant, and learned too ; it will shew the world she has read a good deal. I dare say there will not be any thing like them there."

"And so Miss Morley you will go in one of them dismal, horrid things, a black

Domino. Why, nobody will know whether you are there or not. You have no spirit like my girls."

" If I had abilities equal to the Miss Derwents, I might attempt to make myself conspicuous ; but knowing the limited extent of my powers, I am content to be an humble observer, rather than be observed."

" Bless me, that is so tame ! I like a girl of spirit. Dont you Mr. Bentham ?"

" Why, yes, Madam, I confess I admire a woman who possesses a *proper* spirit."

" There now, Miss Morley, you see Mr. Bentham gives the preference to the Miss Derwents.

" Come, do not think of wrapping yourself up in a black cloak, like a parson in his canonicals. Let the world see you have some taste as well as my nieces."

" Excuse me, Madam, there is no dress I shall like to appear in so well as a Domino ; and I am willing to yield the palm to the Miss Derwents."

" I approve, said Mrs. Conway, of Miss Morley's wish not to make herself known ; besides, the Miss Derwents will find no competitor in her."

"Well," said Mrs. Willoughby "if you like it---I do. But, however, I must go and see what my girls are about.

"I wish you good-night ladies.

"Mr. Bentham, good-night. Be sure you are here in time."

"A good crumby representation of death," said Mr. Bentham, as she left the room.

"Yes." returned Celina, "I shall be in charming company to-morrow night—the Fates and Mors. I advise you, Mr. Bentham, to take the character of Nox, and then the greatest part of the family will be assembled."

"Why, I think a Domino will suit best; I shall call at Venarza's to chuse it; shall I send you one, and a hat?"

"You will oblige me by doing so."

Mrs. Conway sent for page to attend her to her room, and Mr. Bentham took his leave.

Mrs. Willoughby, her nieces, and maid, sat up the greatest part of the night preparing for the festino.

Early the next evening, Celina having no additional preparation to make, and her mind agitated and oppressed with gloomy

presages, she went to Mrs. Willoughby's dressing-room, with a view to dissipate, if possible, her sad thoughts.

On entering the room, she was struck with the appearance of Mrs. Willoughby, who came towards her; she was already attired; her hair was inclosed in a white net; her dress was a white dimity dressing gown drawn close round the neck, and broad black stripes drawn down it with a blacking brush, which they had procured from the waiter. She had divested herself of all her petticoats, to make herself look slim; in her belt she wore a scymiter, and her mask was a perfect Death's face.

Miss Derwent's carried a distaff and some flax; Amaranthe held the spindle, and wound up the thread as her sister spun; while Miss Melissa was armed with a large pair of rusty scissars.

Thus equipped, they all assembled in Mrs. Conway's room to tea, who was much diverted by the ridiculous figure of Mrs. Willoughby.

Mr. Bentham arrived at the appointed time; as he assisted Celina to put on her Domino, he whispered, Edward is all impatience.

"Where is he?" enquired Celina.

"At the Consul's—we both dined there; he is in tip toe spirits."

Celina sighed, trembled, and shed a tear, which Mr. Bentham observing, hurried on her mask, and led her to the carriage. As soon as they entered the theatre, the strange appearance of Mrs. Willoughby, and her nieces, attracted much notice.

And as the Italian nobility are not, in general, famous for their literary researches, few among the crowd knew what deities they personated.

After traversing the theatre a few times, Prince Zanqui made his appearance, and was looking with wonder on the fatal group; as he wore his mask on his arm, Mrs. Willoughby knew him, and having been twice invited to his conversazione, she was entitled to speak to him.

He very politely invited her to sup with him, in his box, which Celina hearing, and not wishing to be of the party, stepped back a pace or two, under pretence of looking at a group of dancers.

Mrs. Willoughby was too much elated with the honour done her to think of Celina; but accepting the Prince's arm,

tripped away with the Fates at her heels.

As this separation accorded with the wishes of Celina, she did not attempt to arrest the Goddess.

Mr. Bentham observing with pleasure Mrs. Willoughby's inattention to Celina, took her hand and led her immediately out of the theatre. As nothing is so common, during the Carnival, as masks parading the streets of Naples, they passed unnoticed to the house of the Consul, where she entered, unknown to the servants, as she still wore her mask.

Bentham left her in the little parlour, set apart for sacred purposes, and went to the dining-room, where he found Edward and the Consul in deep conversation ; the result of which was, that the Consul felt himself more than ever inclined to serve him. Edward immediately flew to Celina.

The Consul and Bentham soon after followed, attended by the Consul's Secretary, who officiated as clerk ; and in a few minutes the indissoluble knot was tied.

During the ceremony Celina behaved with great firmness, but when the Consul saluted her, and expressed his wishes for

their happiness, her tears could not be restrained.

Bentham attended them to Edward's apartments, where supper was ordered ; he then went to ~~San~~ Carlos to watch the movements of the Fates, with a promise to return and partake of it.

He took the precaution of changing his Domino at Signora Vacenza's, as he passed, for a coloured one, least Mrs. Willoughby should recognise him, and enquire for Celia, to which enquiry he could not give a very satisfactory answer.

Soon after he entered, he perceived Mors and the Fates joining in a dance with the Prince and Princess Zanqui, and others of the noblesse.

As soon as the dance was concluded, he placed himself close behind the Goddess, who was inquiring of Clotho, if she had seen Miss Morley.

“ Dear, no, aunt ! it is in vain to look for her, if there were twenty of those black things together, it is impossible to know one from the other ; besides, I dare say Mr. Bentham will take care of her.”

“ No doubt, replied Mors ; if we can

but find her before we go, it is all I want."

That she had no other wish to find Celina than to save appearances, was a discovery that by no means pleased Mr. Bentham; yet from a woman like Mrs. Willoughby, weak and selfish, and illiberal, he could expect nothing more. He returned to Labott's at a much later hour than he promised.

He found Celina in tears, and Edward endeavouring to comfort her, while the soft messengers of heartfelt sorrow stood in either eyes. He did all in his power to raise their spirits, but it would not do.—He caught the soft contagion, and mingled his sighs with theirs.

The hour of parting drew nigh. Edward's luggage was already on board, and the master of the vessel had sent to say, all waited for him.

After innumerable embraces! which even the presence of a third person did not prevent her from receiving, they walked down to the mole, where the boat lay that was to convey him to the vessel.

Their distress beggars description! No words can give a just idea of their tender

woe ! even the Lazaroni who were standing by, and were strangers to their tale, begged he would take the Signora with him, for they never before saw grief like her's.

After many attempts, Edward tore himself from her, and leapt into the boat ; Celia endeavoured to follow, but the boat pushed off, and in a few moments the darkness of the night hid him from her view.

She stood leaning her head on the shoulder of Bentham, listening to the dashing of the oars, and beating of the waves, till the sounds died on her ear, and all was lost.

Mr. Bentham then prevailed on her to put on her mask, which was hanging on her arm, and return with him to Labott's, till she was more tranquil, he then would conduct her home.

On entering the apartments, where so late she had supped with Edward, all her sorrows rushed at once upon her mind, and her anguish was nearly too great for her to support.

Much did Mr. Bentham say to comfort her ; he talked of Edward's return as a circumstance that was to happen the next week ; and led her through flattering scenes painted in glowing colours, till, in imagi-

nation, she saw herself settled with her Edward, flourishing under the approving smile of all their friends !

Mr. Bentham's kind persuasive discourse foothed her violent grief into a tender melancholy ; and at parting, he promised to call next next morning.

Celina saw no one but the waiter ; on enquiring, she found that Mrs. Willoughby was not returned ; she went immediately to her chamber ; the whole night, or rather the remainder of it, was spent in tears and prayers for Edward's happiness and safety. In the morning Mrs. Conway observed, that she looked very ill, but attributed it to the Festino, and late hours.

Mr. Bentham's first visit in the morning was paid to Mrs. Willoughby, who entertained him with nothing but the politeness of Prince Zanqui ; and his son, who, by the by, she suspected had conceived a prodigious fondness for Miss Derwent.

He found Celina reading to Mrs. Conway, who was much worse that morning than she had been for some days past.

Celina's beautiful countenance was rendered still softer, by an interesting languor which pervaded every feature. Bentham

thought he never beheld an object half so lovely ; and felt something like envy rising in his breast towards his friend who was possessed of such a treasure ; but faith and honour soon chased it from his bosom, and he could only feel an anxious and honest solicitude for her health, as he knew on her hung Edward's life and hopes.

He begged Mrs. Conway would permit him to take Miss Morley out before dinner, as he thought nothing would be of so much service to her as a ride in the air.

Mrs. Conway readily assented, saying, one of the Miss Derwents would be an addition to the party. Celina knew why she proposed one of those ladies joining them, and felt the propriety of a third person, as Mr. Bentham was almost a stranger to her, at least her friend imagined so.

She went to Mrs. Willoughby's apartments, and begged the favour of one of the young ladies company to take a ride, but was informed, their company was indispensable at the Princesses's toilet.

" I am sorry," said Celina, " that you are all engaged, as I feel myself quite unwell from the fatigue of last night's amusement, and Mr. Bentham has kindly offered

to drive me a few miles out of town, as I think the air may be of service to me."

" You surely do not mean to stay at home because none of us can go with you," replied Miss Derwent.

" I certainly should feel more pleasure in having a female friend."

" Humph ! friend," retorted Miss Derwent softly, with a disdainful toss of her head.

" O ! there can be no *impropriety*," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a suspicious sneer, " in taking a ride with a man in broad *day light*, with whom you passed so *many hours at midnight* ! without a chapeau."

" That fault was your's Madam—your behaviour to me last night was unanswerable, and your leaving me with Mr. Bentham was *evidently with design*."

" Why, to be sure," returned she with a supercilious air, " it was not possible to introduce Mr. Bentham—a *merchant*—a *man of business*—to the Prince ; nor can either myself or nieces, be publicly seen with him again."

" Madam, I wish you good morning. Ladies good morning," said Celina, rising and curtseying, " I shall no longer intrude,

since, from what you have said, I must infer, that Mr. Bentham's friends are also implicated ;" and then left the room, her bosom filled with no other sentiment than pity for the weak pride and arrogance that possessed the minds of Mrs. Willoughby and her nieces.

Mrs. Conway was highly amused by Celia's recital of their conversation, and observed, that under the direction of a woman like Mrs. Willoughby, a young female was in more danger of falling into error, than if exposed to the company of the most daring libertine ; with the one she would rest in fancied security, and be led insensibly by arrogance, pride and avarice, to the most imminent dangers ; while, with the other, knowing her perilous situation, and sensible of the consequence of being led away by his arts, she would be ever on her guard, and profit by the trials."

" I hope, Madam, you will not deem it an impropriety that Miss Morley should take an airing with me."

" No, Sir, I have the utmost confidence in Miss Morley's prudence, and I esteem you as a man of honour ; if you are seen together, the world will give its opinion,

and you must both be prepared to hear its remarks."

" If that I am honoured with Miss Morley's friendship, and it becomes the subject of the town, it will be most flattering to my ears; but if the tongue of slander breathes forth its venom—if it becomes the echo of Mrs Willoughby, it would render me very wretched; I therefore hope to be allowed the pleasure of paying my respects to you, and enjoying an hour or two each evening in your company."

Mrs. Conway bowed consent; she preferred one hours conversation with a sensible well informed man, to the obsequious bows and cringes of twenty titled fools."

As all visiting and intercourse ceased between Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Willoughby, and as the former's health visibly declined, Mr. Bentham was almost the only visitor they saw, except a few morning calls.

The Consul's daughters paid their respects two or three times a-week.—But Celina's evenings were generally spent at home.

She now and then took a ride, or walk, in the morning with Mr. Bentham; then it was she indulged in the greatest of all luxuries—talking of Edward—The subject was

always grateful to Mr. Bentham, who felt for him a sincere affection.

So passed her days ; and each succeeding one brought more cause for pain and sorrow than the last.

Mrs. Conway was now wholly confined to two apartments ; her physician thought it advisable to change the air as much as possible, by sleeping alternately in them.

One evening Mr. Bentham brought a card for Celina, at the desire of the Consul's daughter, with whom he had dined, and a large party, at the English ministers. There was a great mixture of English and natives ; among the latter was Prince Zanqui, who intended the next evening to give a ball and supper.

He invited all present ; sent for tickets and distributed one to each of the company, when Mrs. Saldini begged one for a friend of her's, which the Prince instantly gave, at the same time observing, if any of the company had friends who would honour him by their presence, he should esteem it a favour if they would let him know, as the more numerously his ball was attended, the more he should feel himself flattered."

Mrs. Saldini immediately gave the ticket

to Mr. Bentham, begging he would use his influence to prevail on Celina to leave Mrs. Conway for two or three hours, and honor them with her company ; that she would call and take her in her carriage.

Mr. Bentham delivered the ticket, but did not repeat his wishes for her accepting it, till Mrs. Conway seconded his request.

“ Do, my dear Miss Morley,” said she, “ rouse yourself, it will not fatigue you as the Festino did ; you are not obliged to dance unless you feel inclined, and you may retire as early as you like.”

Celina, to oblige her friend, consented to go, and at the appointed time Mrs. Saldini came. Mr. Bentham was already there, and took upon himself to act as Cavalier Servante to both for the evening.

Mrs. Saldini introduced Celina to more than three parts of the company.

The Princess took a seat between her and Bentham, and was in earnest conversation with them when Mrs. Willoughby entered ; a blush of vexation over-spread her plump cheek at the sight—She bustled up to the Princess, her nieces in her train, to make her curtsey, which the Princess returned by a slight recline of her head.

This indifferent reception, and visible preference shewn to Celina, and the man of Business, wounded her pride—her colour heightened to purple and spoke the vindictive thoughts of her heart.

“The few English ladies,” said the Princess, “that I have had the honour to converse with, give me a most exalted idea of their general character in my little book of remarks, opinions, and suppositions. I have noted them down as lovely in their persons (and it is beyond a doubt that the Continental ladies must yield to them the palm of beauty)—but to go on,—lovely in their persons, soft in their manners, and interesting in their conversation—that they possess wonderful capacities which their system of education greatly improves—but *that woman, and her nieces*, had nearly inclined me to give up my hypothesis, and place the British on a level with the females of this land.

“But, my young friend (taking Celina’s hand) has stepped in, and saved them, and I am only convinced, that amongst the most beautiful flowers, weeds will spring up.

This compliment drew a blush on the cheek of Celina, and a hearty coincidence from Mr. Bentham; nor did he let slip the opportunity of complimenting the princess, who was particularly attentive to Miss Morley all the evening.

The two first dances Celina went down with Mr. Bentham, when Princess Zaqui introduced her to Marchese Spignitore, and begged she would honor him with her hand for one dance, saying, she would also engage Mr. Bentham herself.

The Marchese was extremely attentive, and on her taking leave, begged he might have the honour of setting her down, which Mr. Bentham, in her name, accepted.

Mrs. Saldini not being inclined to retire so early.

As Mrs. Conway was still reclining on the sofa, for she was more irregular in her hours of going to rest, as she grew worse. Mr. Bentham went in, and in order to amuse her, gave an account of the company, particularly of Mrs. Willoughby, in a humourous stile.

“ Miss Morley,” said he, “ is *quite delighted* with the princess Zanqui.”

“ What,” replied she, “ because she bestowed so handsome a panegyric on my own country women.”

“ And on yourself more particularly,” said Mr. Bentham.

“ I cannot think that,” said Celina, blushing.

“ Then Mrs. Conway shall judge.”

He then related minutely the princesses’s conversation. Mrs. Conway agreed with him, and he took his leave.

The next morning the Marchese called to enquire after Miss Morley’s health; he was admitted, and Mrs. Conway conversed with him some time.

On taking his leave, he said, he should do himself the honour of repeating his visits; which he occasionally did, till Mrs. Conway grew too weak to admit even Mr. Bentham, who was at the door of the apartment every hour, to enquire of her health.

One morning he begged to see Celina, to whom he gave two letters from Edward, brought by the Padcona of the vessel that conveyed him to Alexandria; one for herself, and another for Mrs. Conway—that to Celina, was a repetition of vows of love

and constancy; promising to perform his journey with all the expedition in his power, and use every possible means to preserve his health and spirits for her sake—It was a balm to her soul, and she already began to anticipate his return.

To Mrs. Conway, he related his uncle's cruel determination, to marry him to a woman of large fortune—that he had consented to undertake the journey, he was then performing, to avoid marrying Ap Price—that he felt it impossible to obey his uncle—his choice being irrevocably fixed on an amiable woman who unfortunately was not rich.

She perused and reperused the letter, the contents of which gave her infinite concern, and for some time her own ills and infirmities were totally forgotten in the distresses of her cousin.

“ Poor Edward!—read that letter Miss Morley, and tell me if you do not pity him.”

Celina took the letter with a trembling hand, and as she read the too interesting contents, a tear stole down her cheek.

“ Indeed, Madam, I do sincerely pity him; and nothing would give me more

pleasure than to see him return to England, and know that he was happy."

" You are very kind thus tenderly to feel for him.—I wish I could recall him—perhaps his avaricious uncle would compromise for part of my fortune, and accept it in lieu of any deficiency on the lady's part."

When Celina heard this, she secretly wished she had made a friend and confidant of Mrs. Conway—but it was too late.

Mrs. Conway rapidly grew worse, and it was impossible for her to leave her bed room—Mr. Bentham was permitted to her bedside generally once or twice a day.

One morning when he went to her room, she held out her hand—He took it—she endeavoured to press his, but her feeble nerves refused.

" Mr. Bentham," said she, " I have not long to remain here—Celina will be left exposed and unprotected!—that idea disturbs the tranquillity of my few remaining hours."

Her look—her accent—the dying state he saw her in, and the object she was pleading for, affected Mr. Bentham very sensibly.

“ If, Madam, the promise of my protection will give any ease to your mind, rely on my affording Miss Morley every assistance in my power.”

“ Will you, Mr. Bentham,” still endeavouring to press his hand, “ Will you indeed protect Celina? Will you assist her in adjusting my affairs after my death?

“ I would be sent to England to be interred; it is not in her power to give necessary directions.—By this paper, I secure to Celina five hundred pounds, which I request you will witness,” at the same time giving him the paper to sign.

Mr. Bentham assured her he would undertake to do every thing requisite for the ease and comfort of Miss Morley.

She then took the hand of the weeping Celina, and placed it in Mr. Bentham’s.—“ There, my dear, is your protector! he will conduct you safe to England, or to your father!—he has promised to do it, and few are so depraved as to break a promise made to the dying.”

Shortly after Mr. Bentham took his leave, Mrs. Conway fell into a sweet sleep for some hours; when she awoke, she pulled Celina towards her—kissed her tenderly—turned

round, and in less than an hour breathed her last.

Celina was prepared for the blow ; it was not the first dear friend she had lost, and the reliance she had on Mr. Bentham, sustained her drooping spirits ; she did not feel herself alone—she looked up to him as a brother—as a part of Edward—for the idea of Edward and Bentham were inseparable.

He called early in the evening, found Celina sitting in her own room, whose countenance told that her friend was no more !

Mr. Bentham, whose feelings were tremblingly alive to the soft effusions of the sorrowing heart, looked on Celina with tender pity, while he offered her every consolation her mind was capable of receiving.

He felt the care of Celina a sacred trust doubly reposed in him ; first given to him by a man towards whom he felt more than a brother's love, and again resigned to him by a dying female, whose character he highly esteemed and respected.

He gave every necessary orders for the coffin and package, likewise agreed with a captain for the passage of the corps and the two servants ; Celina determined to travel

with Mr. Bentham to Rotterdam; indeed he almost became necessary to her happiness, as it was with him alone she could converse of Edward.

The Princess Zanqui hearing of Mrs. Conway's death, sent an invitation by the physician to Celina, begging she would favour her with her company during her stay at Naples; she also repeated the invitation to Mr. Bentham, who advised Celina to accept of it, as the ship would not sail for more than three weeks; and she thought it a respect due to the manes of her friend to see them safe on board before she quitted Naples.

She requested he would convey her respects to the Princess, and say, she would do herself the honour to accept of her protection for a few weeks.

The next day Celina, Page and the man servant, took up their residence at Palazzo Zanqui.

The following week certain circumstances took place in Mr. Bentham's concerns, which rendered his presence necessary at Leghorn; and the Princess Zanqui insisted that Celina should remain with her till his

return, which he hoped would be in six or seven weeks.

Two days before his departure, two gentlemen arrived from Egypt; they brought Mr. Bentham a letter from Edward, inclosing the following for Celina.

“ WITH pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to ever dear Celina ! “ my journey hitherto has been pleasant, “ in as much as I have met with no interruption or delay ; my stay at Aleppo shall “ be as short as possible ; from that place I “ shall again address her, and say whether “ she has any cause to fear the powerful “ charms of Signor Esteffane’s daughters, “ or any of the fair ones of the east.

“ Neither the novelty of our present mode of travelling, the various scenes each day presents, or the humorous trick of a Cacoan African, I have taken into my service, have power for one moment to attract my thoughts from my Celina.

“ Believe me, the certainty I feel of pos-
sing her tenderest affection is the source
“ of all my happiness ! — the basis on which
“ I build all my future joys. — I view them
“ in perspective with enthusiastic delight,

“ till my deluded mind nearly believes the
“ forced scenes are real! when looking
“ round for the dear object that animates
“ the pleasing thought, I feel the fallacy
“ of my waking vision.

“ Yet do I most *firmly* trust, the varied
“ scenes of pleasure and felicity my fan-
“ guine imagination leads me through, will
“ in a short time be realised! —A few
“ months, I hope, will bring me back to
“ my native land, and to all that makes
“ that land most dear to me—to my adored
“ Celina!

“ Should the consequence of our union
“ be such as to render it impossible that it
“ should remain any longer a secret, let
“ not my Celina afflict herself one instant
“ on that account, even though it should
“ reach my Uncle’s ears.

“ I would pay him every respect and
“ duty that a grateful heart can owe to a
“ parent; yet his favour and regard are not
“ to be placed in competition with the
“ character and peace of her who is dearer
“ to me than life.

“ On the friendship of Mr. Bentham you
“ may rely—to him you may communi-
“ cate all your hopes and fears; he will be

" near you in the hour of trial, and protect you with a brother's hand.

" As my cousin appears not to benefit by the air of Naples, I think it probable you will soon leave it, and my next I will also inclose to Bentham, in London, and he will convey it to you, as I sincerely trust he never will lose sight of you.

" My cousin will no doubt take Rotterdam in her way home, as she promised.

" —To your father, say for me every thing that is kind and respectful—from him, my love, I would not have you keep any secret; on his prudence and regard I can rely—he may blame us for what he will call an imprudent act, but will not banish us from his affections.

" I anticipate in extacy the happy hour, when we, in an humble posture, shall receive his parental blessing, and I fondly hope, present to him a dear pledge of our mutual loves.—Excuse the brevity of this letter. I have but a few moments allowed me to write in, and let the warm effusions of an over-captured heart compensate for the shortness of this epistle.

“ It is with most exquisite sensations I
“ subscribe myself, my dear Celina’s
“ Devoted and affectionate husband,

EDWARD ELLISON.”

The receipt of this Letter added much to Celina’s tranquillity, and Bentham left her in better spirits than he could expect. Indeed, she had not half the time for reflection and melancholy that she would have had, had she still remained at the Crocele, as there was generally company to dinner, if not, the evenings were spent at the theatre, or in a large circle of nobility.

C H A P. III.

For me long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy ;
I find in earth's bleak climes no bless'd abode,
No place, no season, sacred from annoy.

AMONG the many visitors who frequently honored the Princess Zanqui with their company, was the Marchese Spignitori, who appeared to attach himself to Celina ; though his assiduities and gallantry were very troublesome, yet he cautiously avoided giving her any just opportunity to forbid his attentions.

He would in a morning enter her dressing room with as little ceremony as he did that of the Princess ; this gave great uneasiness both to herself and Mrs. Page ; she

at length complained to the Princess Zanqui, who was surprized Celina should be offended at a liberty which in that country is so usual, and considered by no means inconsistent with propriety—she laughed at her English prudery, as she termed it, but took no further notice of the affair.

Celina studiously avoided the Marchese's company, and sought that of the Prince Zanqui, whom she discovered to be a man of sentiment and sensibility; and contrary to the general character of the Neapolitan nobility, he was a man of profound erudition; he not only studied ancient, but modern history and poetry. She was some days in the palace before she was favoured with a sight of his library.

One morning Celina felt herself rather indisposed, and excused herself from accompanying the Princess on her visits, when the Prince invited her to his study, observing, he hoped she would find some amusement.

On entering the room, Celina was surprized at the innumerable quantity of books that were ranged in order round, quite in the English style; in the centre stood a large table, two sofas, several chairs, and

four small reading desks, with every appendage.

“Here Signora, are authors of all nations, and on all subjects; take your choice, if you are not for history or travels, there are some miscellaneous pieces, or poetry.”

Celina looked towards the table where he had been fitting; saw he was translating from an ancient book of Pindaric poems; from which he read to her some beautiful and elegant passages.

“We have Signor,” said Celina, “our Pindar; and indeed our Pasquin; but our Pindar writes not in this stile.”

“Your Pindar I have heard of, nay, indeed I have read some of his works; for though I do not attempt to speak English, I can read it tolerably, but I am displeased and disgusted at the unjustifiable liberty he takes with his King; he lashes with impunity the best and most exalted character that ever dignified a crown!

“I am a warm admirer of your Sovereign, your *laws* and *goverment*; but I am often grieved that some of your *justly* boasted *liberties* should be so *sadly abused*.—The fame of your Pasquin has not reached me; the pleasure of reading him is yet to come.”

“ Yes, Signor, if to read the productions of men who pervert the amazing talents nature has bestowed on them is a pleasure, you have. It is to be lamented, that their admirable pens are not employed to expose and correct the vices of the age—to set forth the virtues of mankind, or celebrate the actions of some virtuous individual, rather than drag the sacred character of our august monarch to the eye of ridicule, and fill the mouths of the disaffected with absurd and scandalous tales, that have not the least foundation in truth.”

“ It has, Signora, been a grievance in all ages—such men have lived before—but as each country grows more enlightened, more refined and virtuous, I had hoped that such *mean* malignant spirits ceased to animate the breast of man—of Englishmen in particular ; but since that hope was founded in error, I can only say, I trust that only few of them exist.”

“ I hope so too, and am sorry that my country has given birth to a man who respects not his king—when that king is as near perfection as human nature can hope to be.”

Prince Zanqui found more pleasure in this morning's conversation than he had promised himself; and when Celina retired to dress for dinner, told her his study door would at all times be open to her.

At dinner the Princess asked Celina how she had passed the morning.

"With great satisfaction and pleasure Madam, and with your permission I will spend many more in the same manner."

"You have full liberty to dispose of your time as you like, but I shall soon make up the trio. When Lent begins, there will be no theatre—no amusements of any kind from home, I shall then be glad to shake hands with a few dusty authors. I shall pass the six tedious weeks in prayer, fasting, and contemplation; and then I shall have reading enough for the year."

At the time appointed, the vessel sailed that conveyed to England the body of Mrs. Conway, Page and James.

The parting with Mrs. Page was another diminution of Celina's happiness—She now felt herself alone. To add to her distress, three days after she received a letter from her father, desiring to see her as soon as possible—that he felt his health declining.

fast—that her company was the only consolation he could receive, and the only earthly blessing he hoped for! as he knew his disorder was such as admitted of no cure!

Celina was extremely afflicted at the melancholy news; with a heavy heart and streaming eyes she collected a few necessary articles of dress, and packed them in a portmanteau, leaving the rest of her clothes under the care of the Princess Zanqui, begging she would cause them to be forwarded to her whenever she should request it.

As Celina had no carriage, and she did not think it adviseable to purchase one, it was not possible for her to go post; the Princess ordered one of her servants to engage a carriage to take her as far as Rome, where she could make another agreement: The good old Thomasa had conceived a tender respect for Signora *Inglese*, as he always called her, and in the hope of making her journey more comfortable, he prevailed on a friend of his (who had a carriage and horses which he let out in jobs) to go with Celina to Rome; and early next morning she left Naples, with no other companion than Thomasa's friend.

The Princefs Zanqui sincerely regretted her departure, and invited her to return again.

Celina wrote a few lines to Mr. Bentham, informing him of her leaving Naples, and the melancholy cause.

The Marchese Spignitori was present when Celina received her father's letter, and did all in his *little power* to sooth her sorrows ; but she scornfully rejected his attempts. He retired early to an arduous task he had imposed on himself—the *manufacturing* of a *letter* which he sent to Celina, as she was stepping into the carriage.

To translate it, I could not do justice to the style—I fear the very spirit and essence of the language would be lost ; it must therefore suffice to say, that a greater number of soft, tender, incoherent sentences, were never jumbled together. All the Gods in the heathen mythology were called upon to witness his passion, which burned in his breast like the fires of Vesuvius ! he did not go farf or a simile.

Celina, as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, broke the seal ; but ere she had run through half the contents, her patience was

gone—her resentment kindled, and she threw it on the seat beside her.

“ To read it through will do too much *honor* to the writer; nor will I be so unjust to my *father* and my *Edward*, as to suffer it to divert my mind one instant from them,” thought Celina, as she threw down the paper.

Her journey to Rome was uninterrupted till she arrived never Albano, when the horses suddenly stopped, and refused to draw the carriage up the hill, at the entrance of the town, which though not long, is rather steep. Celina got out to render it lighter. The driver then turned back the horses, and set forward in a full trot; the moment the poor old animals felt the hill they made a full stop. This was repeated at least ten times, and each time the driver did not spare the whip.

Celina waited on the top of the hill till she had no other hope of getting the carriage, than by sending for a pair of horses from Albano. At length the poor man finding that neither whipping nor kissing would avail, he drew from his pocket a small brass crucifix, and laid it carefully on the seat of the carriage, again turned back,

his horses, then set forward on a full trot, and they gained the hill without stopping. When he took the crucifix from the carriage, Celina asked to look at it; he gave it to her, and said, "Ah! Signora, without this we should *never* have reached *Albano*. O my poor horses, how cruelly have I beat you!"

He then kissed them both affectionately, and with a tender hand smoothed the hairs that the whip had turned. When she gave him back the crucifix, he bowed his head to it, and returned it to his pocket.

"'Tis wonderful," said Celina, as she stepped into the carriage.

"It is a miracle, Signora," saith the man, "and I fear *nothing* while I am thus favoured."

This little occurrence, and the palpable superstition of the driver, led Celina into a train of thoughts that were not interrupted till she arrived at Rome. From thence she travelled with all possible expedition to Florence, over the Tyrol, and through Germany, which was the seat of war; but she passed unmolested.

On her arrival at Rotterdam she found her father extremely ill. The sight of her

revived him, and for several days he was apparently better; but at last the stimulus ceased to take effect, and the daily ravages the disorder made on his constitution were too visible.

Celina had much to tell her father—she had experienced many changes, had undergone *severe trials* since they parted. Of the many circumstances she had to relate, some pleased him, and others gave him inexpressible pain; yet they all amused his mind from himself—but there was still a tale untold, the weight of which pressed heavy on her mind!—*Never* till now had she a wish, thought, or action, unknown to him; and she determined to ease her heart of its load the first opportunity.

One evening as they were discoursing on old friends, and past pleasures, Mr. Morley asked, if she had lately heard from Edward? the question was what she wished, yet she knew not how to answer it; at last, with much hesitation, she articulated—Yes.

“ What is the matter, my dear? the enquiry appears to embarrass you—Speak—tell me—you never yet were afraid, or felt any reluctance to confide your hopes and wishes in my breast. I hope, my dear girl,

absence has not weakened your confidence in your father."

This gentle remonstrance drew tears from her eyes ; she caught her father's hand, pressed it to her lips, then to her heart.

"No, my father ! my love for you, and reliance on you, is as *strong* as *ever* ; but I have failed in my duty—Will you ?—can you forgive me ?—Dare I look up for your pardon ?" She fell on her knees, and hid her face in her hand.

Mr. Morley was lost in wonder at what he heard and saw ; nor could he form the most distant idea in what his daughter had committed a breach of duty ; he pressed her hands, which she still held before his face, and tenderly said :

"Rise, my dear child, do not keep me in suspense ; tell me the great fault you have committed ? fear not my resentment—I never was inexorable ; and if forgiveness can be granted, I will forgive !"

"O, my dear father ! I cannot speak it—read that letter, and spare me !"

She held Edward's last letter in her hand—he took it, and after wiping away the tear that dim'd each eye, he read it with a countenance firm and unchanged, while Celina

watched him with a supplicating look : As he folded up the letter, he said :

“ By this letter, my dear, I learn that you are the wife of Edward !—When—where and how, I have yet to learn ;—it appears to me to be *impossible*.—Where is he ?—tell me—mystery envelops the whole.”

Celina held out her hand, which he took ; she again pressed his to her lips.

“ My dear father ! this kindness disolves me ; yet it inspires me with courage to relate what you ask.”

She then informed her father of every circumstance that took place from Edward’s arrival at Naples, till his departure for Aleppo ; which Mr. Morley heard with mingled emotions of surprise, pity and sorrow. When her tale was ended, she again asked his forgiveness. He pulled her towards him, and tenderly embraced her.

“ Yes, my dear Celina ! I *do forgive* you ; yet, I wish your marriage had not taken place till Edward had performed his journey. His uncle’s wish to marry him to a woman of fortune I have long known, but did not imagine he would have carried his resentment to such a height, and have sent him on so perilous a journey. You

have, my dear girl, your father's constant prayers, and most ardent wishes, for your future happiness! I wish to see Edward again, but in vain; my days, I am sensible, are wearing out apace, and soon shall I be at rest!"

Celina felt too forcibly the truth of this last sentence; nor could she discover one flattering symptom. Her father she endeavoured to cheer up with hope, but he was not to be deceived.

Celina excused herself from taking her meals with the family, not wishing to be one instant from her Father, and frequently did she make her dinner on the meat from which she drew his broth, rather than give the servants additional trouble.

Mynheer van Mierhop was frequent in his visits to the sick chamber, and never failed to shake his friend's hand at the hour of rest; but his fair spouse never made even an enquiry; her nerves were too delicate to support a melancholy visit to an invalid. Celina felt this neglect to her father, and despised her for the inhumanity she betrayed in her conduct.

Three weeks did she watch her beloved parent sinking under a complication of

disorders, brought on by a wounded mind, and a heart lacerated by repeated blows of aggravated misfortune! the *cause* of it was not in the power of medicine to reach; and the effects gained ground every hour, till the *fatal* one arrived, which left the unfortunate Celina an unprotected orphan!

She was supporting her father's head on her arm, while the nurse administered a little nourishment, when he drew his last breath. She felt the vital spirit leave his body, and fell lifeless by his side; the nurse called for help, when Celina was carried to another apartment, and medical assistance was immediately sent for.

Mynheer Van Mierhop was extremely distressed at the death of his friend, and alarmed at the indisposition of his daughter. On the second day she was so far recovered as to be able to converse with him about her father's funeral; the direction of which he promised to take upon himself. On the day the body was removed, she insisted on going to take a last look at her beloved father, which was strongly opposed by the physicians; but she would not be prevented.

“ Shall I let his precious remains be shut

up for ever from my sight and not be allowed once more to press his lips?—Is his child to be denied the melancholy satisfaction of weeping over his lifeless form before it is consigned to the grave! these arms shall once more encircle him!—once more press him to my breaking heart!—nor shall ye prevent me——”

She then leaped out of bed, but so much was she debilitated by the fever, that she must have fallen on the floor had not the nurse caught her in her arms, who touched with compassion for her distress, consented to lead her to her father's chamber, having first wrapped her up to prevent her catching cold.

At the sight of the coffin she uttered a piercing groan! then kneeling on the bed on which it stood, threw herself on the body, where she lay for some time breathless. The nurse alarmed at the dreadful pause, called aloud for assistance, which roused her from the stupor. She kissed the corpse repeatedly, and called on heaven to receive his soul! gave her hand to the nurse and returned to her chamber.

A cold shivering seized her soon after, and the fever raged more violent than ever—

she was delirious the whole night, and talked incessantly of Edward, and her father. For many days she lay in a doubtful state; but at length the fever abated, and she was pronounced out of danger.

She recovered rapidly, and in less than a fortnight after the fever left her, she was able to walk out. She then told Mynheer van Mierhop that she wished to leave Rotterdam as soon as possible; this worthy man would gladly have invited Celina to stay sometime longer there, but he knew his wife would be much better pleased at her departure. He gave her a just account of her father's affairs, and paid her the sum of eight hundred pounds, which was all Mr. Morley possessed at his death; and insisted on taking the expences of his friend's illness and funeral on himself.

At parting, Mynheer van Mierhop desired Celina would at all times, when she stood in need of cash, make him acquainted with it; that he should ever feel the utmost satisfaction in rendering any service to the daughter of his friend; and if his friendship could be of benefit to her in any other respect she might command it.

Celina thanked him for his kindness, nor could she part from him without feeling a sincere regret; his affection for her father had endeared him to her.

She determined to return to Naples in hopes of meeting Mr. Bentham, and to spend a few weeks with the Princess Zanqui; and for a *thousand other reasons*, which perhaps to *any other* person would appear *no* reason at all—possibly *certain circumstances* having taken place there, rendered it more desirable than any other place, as a residence while her mind was unhappy, and her mourned a dear father, and an absent husband! the last evening but one before Celina left Rotterdam, Mynheer van Mierliop, at a friend's house, met with a lady whose husband was an officer, and then was with his regiment lying before Valencienes, to which place she was then going. He related to this lady the recent misfortune of Celina, and her intention of returning to Naples. Mrs. Arlington expressed a wish that Miss Morley would accompany her to Valencienes, that after she had spent a few days with her husband, she would go into Italy with Celina, where she would remain some months to wait the

event of the war. He promised to mention it to Miss Morley, and let Mrs. Arlington know her determination in the morning.

Mynheer van Mierhop returned early to make Celina acquainted with Mrs. Arlington's proposal, which she joyfully accepted, and sent her an answer to that effect.

The next morning Mrs. Arlington waited on Celina to settle the hour of their departure, which being determined, Celina felt a degree of satisfaction in reflecting that she had acquired an agreeable companion for at least the worst part of her journey.

C H A P. IV.

Thy mother in her peaceful tomb is laid,
Silent those griefs that fretted life away ;
At sight of thee her tender heart would bleed,
It bled for others, but for thee 'twould stream.

EARLY the next morning they left Rotterdam, and after a safe and pleasant journey they arrived at that side of the camp, without interruption, that was occupied by the English, Austrians, and the different divisions of the empire. The horrors of war struck Celina with a deep melancholy : the dreadful hollow roaring of the bombs that were incessantly thrown into the town—the tottering church towers perforated in every direction—the innumerable fires burning in every part of the town,

occasioned by the great quantity of shells thrown in by the besiegers—and the screams of the women and children, whose employment it was to assist the men in extinguishing those fires, altogether formed a scene as distressing as it was new to her.

Mrs. Arlington left a letter with the rear guard for Captain Arlington ; and agreeable to the advice of the soldiers, the driver took them to Bouchain, where they said the ladies would find some little accommodation.

The next morning Captain Arlington came to them while they were at breakfast. The sight of his lady appeared to give him the supremest pleasure. After a thousand tender caresses and kind enquiries, he politely paid his respects to Celina, and proposed that they should visit the camp, as his presence was necessary there for an hour or two, and that he would return with them to dinner.

They passed through part of the camp to Captain Arlington's *marque*, but the constant fire that was kept up the whole day, so alarmed both Mrs. Arlington and Celina that they begged to return as soon as possible.

Celina had by no means her natural strength, and on her return to the inn felt herself much fatigued ; she retired early to her chamber, and there indulged the melancholy ideas that naturally arose in her mind from the scenes of the past day. Her thoughts then anxiously fled to Henry, but there she felt consolation, he was situated (as she imagined) only on the defensive, and not exposed to the perils attendant on the life of a soldier in actual service. There was at that time no cause to apprehend any enemy attempting to disturb the peace of the inhabitants of Gibraltar ; such were the reflections that occupied the mind of Celina during a long and restless night.

She rose early, hoping that a walk in the morning air would refresh her oppressed spirits ; she intended only to visit the garden, but finding the door locked she walked in the road, not going more than three or four hundred yards from the house, which distance she paced and repaced several times. She saw a cart slowly advancing towards her ; the horse was led by a soldier ; she feared, from the slow movement of the horse, that the cart contained some unfortunate wounded soldier.

To avoid the painful sensations the sufferings of a fellow creature would excite, to whom she could give no assistance, she turned into a field, crossed it, and took a circuitous walk round the next, hoping the cart would be out of sight before she returned. On entering the house, she enquired if Mrs. Arlington was up, being answered in the affirmative, she went to her room; not finding her there, she was going to her own chamber, when the most distressing groan struck her ear!—she stopped—each groan was succeeded by one more terrible—In an instant the door of the chamber from whence they proceeded opened, and Mrs. Arlington came out

“ My dear Madam, what is the matter?”

“ Oh, my dear Miss Morley, do come in! here is a beautiful young officer who was wounded in the night; and what is still more dreadful—he is an Englishman! I fear his wounds are mortal!”

As Mrs. Arlington spoke, she could not restrain the tears which flowed abundantly down her cheeks. Celina unwilling to witness a scene so dreadful, drew back; but Mrs. Arlington took her hand and led her to the bed on which lay the wounded sol-

dier.—She looked on him, then uttered a piercing shriek!—it was *Henry Guraville*!—she supported her head on Mrs. Arlington's bosom, which she bedewed with tears of the purest sorrow that ever flowed from a friendly eye; and uttered sighs of the tenderest commiseration that ever burst from a breast of sensibility.

“ Oh, my Henry !” said she, sinking on her knees by the bed-side, “ in what a situation do I behold you!—little did I think of meeting you here! and much less in this dreadful state !”

He was unable to speak, but his eyes were fixed on Celina, and his countenance expressed surprize, joy, and tenderness; he took her hand, pressed it gently to his lips, then laid his cheek on it.

The surgeons, for there were two, having set his leg, and dressed the wound in his side, from which every danger was apprehended, administered a cordial draught, and then ordered that every person, except Weldon, should leave the room. Celina attempted to obey the order, but Henry held fast her hand, nor could he be prevailed on to quit his hold. The surgeons observing the effect the sight of

her had on their patient, thought that her presence might assist in preserving his spirits, and tranquilizing his mind.

Weldon was no less happy, than surprised at thus meeting Miss Morley; he was well acquainted with his master's sentiments towards her, and knew that if it was possible for him to recover, her presence would much accelerate it.

Mrs. Arlington sent Celina some breakfast; she could not eat; but as sorrow is ever dry, the basin of tea was acceptable. Henry received much benefit from a short sleep, and in a few hours was able to speak.

“ To what, my Celina, do I owe this unlooked for happiness? What strange, though fortunate circumstance, has brought you here? I dare not hope that friendship for Henry was your inducement.”

“ No, my friend, your being on the continent was wholly unknown to me. No longer ago than this morning, when reflecting on the dreadful scene I yesterday witnessed from the camp ground, I felt happy in supposing you were safe within the fortress of Gibralter.”

“ Am I then so blessed as still to hold a

place in Celina's friendship? Can my safety or welfare be a matter of importance to her happiness?"

"Why, Henry, do you ask the question? Have I ever given you cause to suspect the sincerity of my friendship? Have I not ever evinced a lively interest in all that concerns you?"

"Did you ever, Celina, receive a letter from me, dated in London?—No, when were you there?"—Henry desired Weldon to take from his pocket-book a paper, which he put into Celina's hand.

There is a copy of the letter I addressed to you from London; the pleasing hope I had indulged of paying you a visit in Devonshire was unhappily frustrated; on the point of leaving England, uncertain whether I should ever return! whether I should ever again see my Celina! I resolved to ease my oppressed heart, by openly avowing to her my sentiments and feelings.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the cruel state of suspense I have long endured—Frequently have I perused this paper, to discover if any part of it could possibly have excited your displeasure; as I felt assured your

generous heart would not otherwise have denied me an answer!—Read it, nay, I conjure you Celina, and confirm for ever my happiness or misery."

Celina was much embarrassed and affected. she took the letter, and while she perused it, Henry anxiously watched every varied feature of her countenance; when she had concluded, he held out his hand; she gave him hers—He looked tenderly.

"What, my Celina, am I to hope?"

"Every *thing*!" answered Celina.

"Then I shall die in peace; if these cruel wounds prove mortal, my last moments will be rendered happy by your soothing tenderness! and my mind is transported with the thought, that should it please the divine hand which directed the ball, to recover me from its painful effects, your affections will be mine for life."

"I fear, Henry," said Celina (unable longer to support a conversation so distressing to her feelings) "that you will exert yourself too much—If you will be composed, I will relate the severe trials I have undergone since I left Lutherdale Hall."

She then minutely detailed the principal

occurrences of each day, suppressing only what related to Edward, not from a wish to deceive Henry did she this, but from principles of humanity. If the idea that he possessed her affections would conduce to his recovery, and restore him to the world and his friends, the deceit was justifiable, particularly as the doubt or fear of not possessing them was not the cause of his illness, though probably the knowledge of it then would, in conjunction with his present sufferings, act too forcibly against his life. Thus reasoning did Celina reconcile to herself the duplicity with which she acted towards Henry; had she never seen Edward, probably he would have been the only man on earth her heart would have chosen; but her election was made, though not before she knew him, yet before she had any reason to imagine he felt towards her any sentiments warmer than friendship and esteem. She saw in Henry every virtue that Edward possessed—the same *noble, manly* sentiments that actuated the one, shone forth in the other; nor were Henry's personal accomplishments, though of a different cast, less attractive; and till a very short time before her marriage, she felt that they were the twin friends of her soul.

K. 3.

Henry expressed a deep concern for the death of her father, but blessed the hour in which she consented to join company with Mrs. Arlington.

In the evening the surgeons again visited him; they found his fever much increased, and begged that great care and attention might be paid in administering his draughts.

Celina did not leave his chamber the whole night, during which she frequently was alarmed by several short fits of delirium, in which he incessantly called on her.

The surgeons came again the next morning, and with them the General, who, when he saw the doubtful state of his young friend, his heart's soft tear dimmed each eye—they did more, they stole down his cheek, and formed a lucid tract for many others that followed, and would not be staid!—He turned towards Celina, who was silently blessing him for the tender regard he evinced for Henry.

“To fly,” said the general, “from the face of an enemy is a stain which no soldier can wipe off, but to weep for a friend cannot reflect disgrace on the character of the greatest hero—and that Captain Guraville is one of my dearest friends, these tears witness.”

After a silence of some minutes, he again resumed.

“ I hope Madam, you will not deem it impertinent curiosity, if I ask whether your name be Guraville? for I have heard my friend speak of a sister he had on the Continent.”

“ No, Sir, my name is Morley, but I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Miss Guraville.”

“ You are the young lady, I presume, who was with poor Mrs. Guraville when she died.”

“ Yes, Sir, and since then I have been to Naples, where I had the misfortune to bury another friend; from thence I went to Rotterdam to my father, whose death I now mourn! and I fear——

“ I fear so too,” said the general, who well knew what she feared, though she could not articulate it. His heart was oppressed by the same, and without hope left the room.

Celina continued to watch by the bed-side of Henry, till Mrs. Arlington and Weldon were alarmed for her health. The surgeons too cautioned her to take care of herself,

and guard against the effects of fatigue and long watching, by taking a little rest.

The general was constant in his visits ; he felt a satisfaction in being near his friend, though Henry was at times insensible of the kindness.

In the manners and conversation of Celina he found much to admire, and more to amuse ; in the course of many *tete-a-tetes*, she related to the general the various vicissitudes of her life, suppressing, as before, all that related to Edward.

Henry grew hourly worse ; the surgeons had not the most distant hope of his recovery, his death they thought was inevitable. For two days he lay insensible to all around him ; on the third day, and the seventh from that on which he was wounded, he awoke from his stupor, called for Celina ; she was by his side, and the general near her.

“ I am going, my love ! the Almighty sees fit to call me from this world. I grieve to leave you an *orphan* and a *wanderer* ! Had it pleased heaven to have spared my life, I would have been your guardian—your *protector* !—the lawful claim of husband should have given me the right of watching over

you with tender care!—but it *must not* be!—Do not weep, my Celina, at my fate—your goodness—your virtues—claim friends go where you may, but if you comply with the last wishes of your dying—husband! I would say, for so I *am* in *wish* and *thought*, you will, as soon as possible, return to England to my dear Eliza; and when Mary returns, reside altogether at Lutherford Hall; share it amongst you—my *heart* gives you the largest part, yet I would not wrong my beloved sisters, but you Celina, are *dearer* to me than *all the world!*"

Here he ceased, overpowered with the exertion of speaking, and the tender subject that engaged his thoughts. Celina was unable to answer—his death-like look—the tender manner in which he addressed her—the dear friends he brought to her recollection, all too forcibly affected her, she sunk on her knees, and hid her face in the bed clothes.

Henry again roused her by calling her in a sudden and strong tone. He held out his hand; she took, and affectionately pressed it.

"My Henry," said she, "what do you want?"

“ I am going, my love ! kiss me ere I am gone.” She did so, which he fervently returned.

“ Is there,” said Celina, in a faltering voice, “ no one else you wish to speak to ?”

“ Yes ; if the general were here, I should like to shake his friendly hand ; and my faithful friend Weldon, his kind affectionate heart will break to lose me.”

The general appeared, Henry held out one hand, the other was fast locked in Celina’s

“ My second father,” said Henry, “ accept my last grateful thanks for all your kind attentions ; may heaven shower blessings on you, equal to your deserts ; but in this world it is not always the lot of the virtuous to be happy. O, my friend ! had I lived, you would have led me on to glory ; but I am fallen the first, and no victory to crown my death ! Had I lived to have taken an active part in one brave engagement ; could I have opened my dying eyes and ears to sounds of glorious victory ! then should I have yielded my last breath without one reluctant sigh.”

The general was wounded to the soul—he pressed Henry’s hand with affectionate ardour ; his face distorted by grief, and each

Nerve was writhed with agony ! groans rent his bosom, and his manly heart swelled with tides of sorrow. The surgeons advised him to leave the room, and compose himself. Weldon stood a weeping statue, nor dared to shew himself, lest his grief should become ungovernable ; till his master asked for something to drink, when he took it, " Weldon," said Henry, " you will soon lose your master ! I am going, from whence I never shall return."

" I hope not, Sir," said Weldon.

" There is no hope, Weldon ; I *must* go ! do not seek another master, return to Lutherford Hall, and assist Woodman in the management of the estate ; he is growing old and stands in need of an active assistant ; take care of my sisters and Miss Morley ; look on her as my widow ! Had I lived, in a few weeks she would have been my wife. Give me your hand—tell Woodman I thought of him, spoke of him, and efted him in my last hour ! "

He lay silent for some time, and shewed no other signs of life than now and then pressing Celina's hand, which he still held in his.

The general, after conversing with Captain and Mrs. Arlington (to whom he declar

ed, he never before was present at so melancholy a scene, nor ever attended the sick-bed of a friend, for whom he felt so great an affection) was somewhat composed, and entered Henry's chamber again a few minutes before he breathed his last—all was still—not a word was spoke, not a breath heard—the tears ran silently, though quickly, down the cheeks of Celina and Weldon, while every faculty was absorbed in profound grief.

Celina soon felt an icy coldness in his hands, and the dew of death stood thick on his beauteous face !

“ It is over,” cried Celina, “ he is gone ! —my beloved Henry is for ever gone !—Oh, my God ! for what other trials and distresses dost thou yet reserve me ?—Death has nearly done his worst ; few are the friends he has left me, and those few, where are they ? Oh, wretched—forlorn Celina !—to bury four dear friends in less than twelve months is too much—and all—all have died in my arms. Oh, my Henry, are you really gone ? Alas ! yes—you are happily insensible to the grief of your friends ! How shall I relate the mournful tale to my dear Mary and Eliza, if ever we meet again ; to Lord Winington and

Mr. Hill—those dear friends, alas! what happiness have I experienced in their society!—happiness, such as I shall never taste again!—Deprived of my only parent!—of three friends most dear to me!—I am now left alone in a strange land, wretched and unprotected!—on heaven alone do I depend for consolation and support."

The weight of her sorrows overcame her, she laid her face on Henry, and remained silent, till the general and Mrs. Arlington led her from the room—She threw herself on the sofa, and indulged in silent grief.

The Surgeon made her a visit at the general's desire, and found an alarming fever approaching, the consequence of many night's watching, the constant distress of her mind, and the weak state she was in when she arrived at Bouchain.

Mrs. Arlington paid her every attention in her power, and saw that the nurse executed her office with tenderness: the general was unremitting in his attention, and anxious that nothing should be omitted that possibly could accelerate her recovery,

Celina begged to be informed when Henry was to be interred, and expressed a

wish to see him once more. On the morning she arose and walked, or rather tottered to the chamber, where she imprinted a last kiss on his once lovely lips, and sighed a long farewell; she then returned to her apartment, where she saw from her window the funeral procession. The coffin dressed with his sword, gloves, and gorget—his brother officers following with solemn pace, and streaming eyes. She heard the muffled drum, and dead march! all which rent her heart, and heightened her malady.

For several days the fever appeared obstinate, but the indefatigable perseverance of the surgeon, and her attendants, at last proved effectual. She regained her strength, but a deep melancholy settled on her mind—the rose returned not to her cheek—a clear transparent paleness usurped its place—a gloom shaded all her features—the bright beauties of her countenance were fled, but the pale languor that succeeded, and the soft sorrowing eye, spoke the miseries of her soul! and excited an interesting pity in every compassionate breast!

Weldon requested to see Miss Morley as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to

speak to him. When he entered the room, each felt their utterance impeded, and a flood of tears was the salutation of both.

After some painful struggles, Weldon articulated, "I am happy, Madam, to see you so much recovered."

"I thank you, Weldon, I hope you are well."

"In health, Madam; quite, but my heart is not at ease, nor will it be while I remain here. I take the liberty of asking, if, when you are able to travel, you go to England from hence? If you do, I will wait your pleasure; if not, I wish to leave this place as soon as possible—all my remaining peace lays within the walls of Lutherford Hall."

"It is my intention to return to Naples for a few weeks, and while I remain on the Continent, I shall make all the enquiry in my power for Miss Guraville, and if possible return to England with her; be that as it may, I hope to be there in the course of four months. I will send by you letters for Mrs. Bouvrie and my dear Eliza.—To Woodman, say every thing that is kind from me; tell him I have been the sport of

fortune from my very birth, but cruelly so since I left England."

"I hope to leave this place in a few days, for here I can never recover a calm serenity of mind; every object brings too strongly to my recollection our recent misfortune, and my sorrows flow afresh."

"I will not then, Madam, think of leaving this place till I have seen you safe off."

On the fifth day from this Celina left Bouchain, though much against the wish of Mrs. Arlington and the General; the former having given up all thoughts of going to Italy, made a proper apology to Celina for changing her mind, which was only conformable to the wishes of her husband.

C H A P. V.

Though grave yet trifling; zealous; yet untrue;
And e'en in penance, planning sins anew.

GOLDSMITH.

CELINA took the nearest road through Leige, Ax la Chapelle, and Tullier, to Cologne, from thence up the Rhine to Mayane; then took her old road over the Tyrol, nor stopped to rest one day till she arrived at Rome. Finding herself extremely unwell, she thought it advisable to remain there a week or two, took apartments in the Corse, and the same evening wrote a long, but melancholy letter to the Princess Zanqui, saying, she promised herself the happiness of seeing her in two or three weeks.

L. 3

On the second morning of her residence in the Corso, she heard a great noise and bustle in the street, but could not discover the cause, though she saw a great multitude of people. On calling on the servant who attended her, she was informed a man was going to receive the punishment of la Corde.

“ For what? What has he done?”

“ I hardly know, Signora, but I believe he drove his carriage against a Cardinal’s.”

“ And is *that all* he has been guilty of?”

“ It is enough, Signora.”

She then saw a wheel fixed perpendicularly on the top of a high pole, a grove was made round the wheel like that of a pully, through which the end of a rope was put; the other end tied round the man’s wrists, his hands being first placed behind him, and the bick of them drawn together.

By these he was suspended at the end of the rope, to the height of forty or fifty yards, then let down to the ground, and drawn up again with great velocity three several times.

Celina looked on the unhappy criminal, or rather victim, for she could not think

what he had done amounted to a crime, with pity, and sincerely lamented her want of power to release him ; when the ceremony previous to the punishment was adjusted, she retired to an interior room to avoid hearing the cries of the wretched sufferer ; but what she had seen threw a damp on her spirits for the remainder of the day.

She found rest and quiet the best remedy ; short walks in the evening and morning conduced much to her recovery, and as her strength increased she lengthened them.

In the gardens of the Villa Borghesia she spent many hours, and there met with an elderly Italian lady, with whom she formed an acquaintance, and with her she frequently spent her evenings.

As Celina was returning one evening rather later than usual, in passing through a gateway, under part of the Palazzo de Colona, she saw a female on her knees, praying most fervently to a painting of the Madona, rudely daubed on the bricks.

Every faculty of the wretched suppliant was entirely engrossed by her sufferings, and so earnestly did she offer up her prayers

to the holy Virgin, that she heard not Celina's steps. The sight awakened her pity, and roused her curiosity, she stopped.

Fate me questo favora Santa Maria, repeated the woman, and struck her bosom.

By the help of a feeble lamp that burned under the miserable painting of the Madonna, Celina traced the shiny track the tear of woe had left on her palid cheek, and lay like a transparent gem on the dimpled hand of the lovely sleeping cherub that hung on her breast—another stood trembling in each eye—her bosom heaved with heart rending sighs, and her soul seemed sinking under some dreadful calamity.

“ And what is the favour you ask of the mother of God ? ” said Celina, in tender soul soothing accents.

“ Jesu, Maria ! ” exclaimed the woman, starting, and turning round on one knee. Celina again repeated her question.

“ Ah Signora Forestiere perche voir demande ? ” for she immediately discovered by her pronunciation of the Italian, that she was not a native ; “ Do you wish to assist me ? or do you only seek for amusement in hearing my story ? ”

“ The Madona is the only friend I have left, and to her I repose my distresses, and ask relief; my earthly friends all fled when my dear Marcus died.”

“ But my good woman, the Madona seems rather tardy in sending you relief; if it is in the power of mortals to assist you, I will do all in mine to alleviate your sufferings.—“ Tell me your wants?”

“ Ah ! Jesu, Maria ! you are an holy spirit, the blessed Virgin sent you to my relief.”

“ I believe the blessed Virgin has nothing to do with it,” returned Celina, “ but be brief, tell me how I can serve you—the night is coming on, and I am alone.”

“ The holy Virgin protect you,” she replied, “ Ah me ! a Signora, my story is short, but tragic. O san Francisco de padua. O ! mea merito !”—Here tears choaked her utterance, and her whole frame was convulsed. Celina took her falts from her pocket, and the poor sufferer soon recovered.

She then told her little tale: “ My husband procured an honest and comfortable living by driving a calash; I was truly hap-

py with my Marcus till last holy Thursday, O fatal day ! he was ordered by his master to drive a coach with a company of English to Saint Peter's ; he received his orders to drive as fast as possible, lest they should lose any of the ceremony ; in his haste he jostled the wheel of his coach against that of the Cardinal de Ufrcia, which frightened his horses, and they ran away, but were soon stopped without doing any damage.

“ The Cardinal learned who my husband was, and two days after he was taken up by the police ;—he was confined in prison for some weeks—he then was brought to trial, and condemned to the Corde.

“ I used all the little interest in my power, but in vain—he suffered the punishment, which broke his elbow joints, and dislocated his shoulders ; the fear and terror he was in before the punishment, and the pain it inflicted on him, brought on a fever, of which he died five days after.”

“ Gracious God !” exclaimed Celina, “ Where did he suffer ?”

“ In the Carso, Signora.

“ It certainly is the same poor foul I saw

tied up.—Heaven protect me from such injustice! sighed Celina. Well, my friend, and did no one commiserate your hard fate?"

"Aimi! povero me! Signora; I applied at the gates of the convents for a share of the soup and bread they daily give away, but they all knew the magnitude of the crime for which my husband suffered; it is worse than sacrilege or murder to endanger the life of a Cardinal, and I was sent unrelieved from each Convent; my former acquaintance have turned their backs on me and my infant."

"Here is a ten pauoli piece," said Celina, taking one from her pocket, "go home and get yourself a comfortable supper; come to me to-morrow at five in the afternoon: I lodge with Abbe Benefico, in the Corso."

The woman received the money with eager joy, and after many times repeating *Deo si benedicto*, she walked hastily away to appease the long ungratified cravings of nature.

Celina remained for some minutes immovable—every faculty was suspended—

numerous ideas crowded on her mind, and her bosom struggled with various emotions.

“ My God !” said she, “ is it possible, that in a city whose government is in the hands of men bred up in the bosom of religion, there can be such inhumanity !—such cruelty !—such barbarous punishments for no crime !—What is a Cardinal ?”

A man, said a low hollow voice, at the same instant a large hot hand seized her left arm, and clasped it with great violence.

She was petrified with horror, nor had she the power of crying out ; she saw only a shadow against the wall, which her fright magnified to the size of a monster ; her strength began to fail, she drew her breath short, and was nearly sunk in his arms, when the well known voice of Father Gasper recalled her scattered senses.

This man had frequently, at the Prince Zanqui’s (though indirectly) pleaded to Celina in favour of the Marchese Spignitori ; had warmly urged the honour reflected on that lady, who was the object of his admiration and love ; and he was the person who delivered his letter to her on the morning she left Naples.

“ Be not alarmed, Signora, I mean you no harm,” said the ghostly father, in the tenderest accents he could assume, “ you know my errand ; you well know whose cause I mean to plead. The Marchese is in Rome, to which place he came immediately on hearing from the Princess Zanqui that you were here—He waits with the utmost impatience for your compliance—his offers are liberal—he possesses a generosity bordering on extravagance, and his fortune is amply sufficient to indulge his great and amiable propensities of giving.—Your beauty has inspired him with a passion as permanent as it is ardent, and he sighs for the completion of his wishes.

“ A lover so rich, noble, and gallant, no woman can withstand—many of our noble Signora’s have in vain endeavoured to captivate him ; long have they sought to bind him their slave ; but that conquest was reserved for you, and you ungratefully despise the noble victim. The unconquerable and generous passion he feels for you, which consumes him hourly, is so resolute and violent, that the Princess Sautelini deplores its effects.”

“ Father,” said Celina, “ can you—dare you!—call that passion generous which seeks the ruin of its object? it may be accepted by those women who prefer riches to every good; but be assured, from me it will ever meet my contempt and disdain!—Trouble yourself no farther on this embassy—It is an *honourable* appointment for one of *your* sacred character.”

“ It was to save his life I undertook this journey. I was sitting with the Princess Santelini when she received the letter, in which he declined the honor of attending her as Cavalier;—she was exasperated to a degree of madness—she raved with all the frenzy of a Neapolitan devil, and has actually engaged some Lazaroni to stiletto him.

“ Being acquainted with her vindictive spirit, I watched her movements, and fled after the Marchese, to guard his life, and also to prevail on you to accept and return his love. His virtues entitle him to be eminently happy, and it is in your power alone to make him happy.

“ Fly, fly with me cara, mia nagazza, and preserve the life of a man who lives

but for you." As he pronounced this last sentence, he pulled her by the arm, which he had held during this virtuous harangue.

Celina, whose tremour had, in some degree subsided, resisted his attempts to move her.—"Where would you take me father?"

"To the Marchese."

"Wretch! stand off, or by my cries, I will bring the city about you."

"Then permit him to visit you."

"I will do neither." replied Celina, with great animation and disdain.

He then took her in his arms, to carry her to the Marchese's carriage, which stood at the end of the street, when her screams brought two of the domestics from the palace.

At the sight of the people Father Gasper fled.

She told her tale to them, at least so much of it as was necessary for them to know.

They conducted her home to the good Abbe, in whose house she lodged; to him she related what had happened; he was extremely concerned, and with her agreed,

that the sooner she left Rome the better.

He undertook to order a carriage and horses the next morning.

She rose early to pack up her few cloathes, settle with the Abbe, and write an apology to Signora Baneti for her sudden departure.

Abbe Beneficio returned much perplexed; for, but at one place could he engage a carriage, and that could not be ready till the afternoon, which he thought too late to begin her journey; but Celina, impatient to leave Rome, determined to set off whenever the carriage could be got ready, that she would go as far as Albano that night, and continue her journey early in the morning.

All things being ready, Celina left Rome with only the good wishes of the Abbe Beneficio to attend her.

The evening was fine, but Celina saw it not; she was sunk in one corner of the carriage, buried in her own melancholy reflection; when a little more than a mile from Albano, the carriage was stopped by several men, who led the horses down a narrow road, notwithstanding the driver made all the resistance in his power.

They put Celina into another carriage, which was waiting ; then bound the driver and shut him up in his own, which one of the men drove ; they took a winding road of some miles in length, and at last stopped at a large house. The night was too dark for Celina to make any observations on its situation, yet she was well persuaded they were not far from the place they first stopped her, having watched the course of the road as long as the light would permit.

When she had a little recovered from the terror she had been thrown into, by being forcibly removed from her carriage, she asked the man who was with her, By what authority he thus seized her person ? to which he answered by a shrug of the shoulders. She also put several other questions to him, which were answered in the same manner.

She was lifted out of the carriage, and carried through two large elegant rooms, into a similar one, but not less superb. The men withdrew and shut the door ; she sat down, endeavouring as much as possible to compose her fluttered spirits, to await her

fate; before she had well collected her thoughts to any particular object, the door opened.

The Marchese Spignitori entered with a fullen haughty step; the rose and curtseyed as haughtily—He bowed.

“ I am sorry, Miss Morley,” said he, “ that you have obliged me to take this step to gain you to my purpose.

“ I am *as* sorry, Sir, that you have given yourself so much trouble; nor are you one step nearer your withes.”

“ You surely are not so blind to your future good as to reject my offers?”

“ I do reject them with indignation! and that future *good can* arise out of present infamy, all your sophistry cannot convince me.”

“ Infamy! Can the love and protection of a man of my rank be termed infamy?”

“ Signor, you miscall it, the passion you pretend to feel for me merits not that divine epithet! It is a passion of the basest nature, and you have taken means the most hafe to gratify it.”

“ You may, Madam, perhaps ere long repent this haughty behaviour; remember you are now in my power.”

"I am, it is true, your prisoner, but I do not feel myself in your power.—There is one yet greater than you that I look up to for protection, and I fear you not."

The Marchese finding that austerities and threats would not awe or intimidate, he softened his tone, and assumed the whining lover, but to no better effect.

After listening in silence to his soft tales, and tender vows, until her patience was exhausted: "It is in vain, Signor," said Celina, "that you assume the haughty tyrant, and the supplicating lover. I am firm, nor can your threats or entreaties move me."

"Time will prove," said he, then ringing the bell, he ordered supper, which was immediately brought in.

Celina would not taste any thing but a few grapes; nor could he prevail on her to take a glass of wine.

Soon after supper he begged to conduct her to her chamber: "You, no doubt, are in need of it."

"If you would wish me to rest, put me in my carriage, and let me pursue my journey. Think you I can ever rest under this detestable roof?"

“ Yes, I trust many happy nights.”

He then led her back through the saloon, up a beautiful flight of stone stairs, the rails of which were richly gilt, along two long galleries, to a large room hung with blue velvet, and a gold border; the chairs the same, with gold fringe; the bedstead covered with a blue gauze Zanzalier, fringed like the chairs.

When they came to the door, he took the lamp from an old domestic, the same that waited at table, and the only one Celina saw, and led her in.

“ This, Madam,” said he, as he set it down on the table, “ is your apartment; there,” pointing to a door, “ is a smaller room you may retire to, while the servant is doing the necessary offices of this—there are some books to amuse you; the length of your confinement rests with yourself—but till your consent to my wishes you pass not this door.”

“ Then, be this room my tomb! for never, while I have life, will I consent.”

He bowed, shut the door, and locked it.

Celina examined her apartment, and also the other room, but she could discover no secret door or frightful apperture, and

she found there was a night bolt, by which she could prevent any person from entering; she let it down, and then prepared to undress, for she felt the fatigues of the day, and the exertion of her spirits required some repose..

Sleep soon kindly interposed between her and her sorrows, and led her through scenes of delight to her Edward's arms.

The sun had reached half its meridian height before she awoke; soon after she was dressed, the old man knocked at her door, to which she answered; he entered with coffee—Pity and kindness beamed in his countenance.

“ Think you, my friend,” said Celina, “ that I may with safety drink this coffee? The man who forcibly takes away my liberty, would not hesitate to take away my life!”

“ O! Signora,” said the old man, crossing his hand on his breast, “ there is no danger, I made it myself, and I call the holy Virgin to witness, that I would not hurt you!”—He then withdrew.

About two hours afterwards, the Mar-
chese entered—He approached her with re-
spect.—She averted her head.

“ May I hope, Miss Morley, you have made a decree in my favour. Suffer me not to waste my hours in vain solicitation, and my health and spirits in hopeless love; be kind to my wishes, and every enjoyment that riches and power can procure shall be your's.”

“ The decree I have made is unalterable—wound my ears no more Signor, I beg, by your insulting proposals.

“ Know that an English woman, whose heart has been trained up from her infancy, in the paths of rectitude and virtue, who has ever had before her eyes the bright example of virtuous parents and friends, is not to be seduced by the glare of magnificence and power—nor will she barter her honor for riches or pleasures. You know my mind, so trouble me no more with your importunity.”

Her haughty look, and the commanding tone of voice in which she spoke, awed him into silence, and he left the room.

Celina saw no other person than the old man for the remainder of the day.

The next morning she was honoured by a visit from the Duchess of Monterbi.

Celina was surprised at the entrance of a female, and of some distinction she judged from her dress.

She arose from her chair: "Keep your seat Signora," said the Duchess, taking a chair, which she drew near Celina.

"I am come, Signora, to plead the cause of my son."—Celina looked astonished!

"I am sorry, Madam, that is your errand, as I can assure you it will prove unsuccessful."

"I hope not—there is a strange fastidiousness in the manners and opinions of you English ladies; you term those acts crimes which are in fact mere indulgences, and to which criminality cannot possibly be attached."

"Under the protection of my son no misfortune can possibly reach you, and happiness will be your own."

"Your ideas, Madam, of innocence and happiness differ very widely from mine. I have been taught to believe, that happiness attends only good actions; that misery and remorse are the never failing companions of prostitution and infamy: And ho' you, and your son, dress the connexion he wishes to form with me in fair co-

lours, and dignify it by the name of friendship, protection, and such false epithets; it is in fact, only a state of prostitution you wish to draw me into!"

I do entreat, Madam, that neither you, nor the Marchese, ever intrude on me the odious subject again—it is an insult my heart cannot bear! and my soul holds in detestation those by whom it is offered!"

" You talk high child, but you will soon find, that virtue, destitute of riches and power, is not held in much estimation, even in your island of purity; while titled vice, as you call it, commands the bow of submission from the passing crowd."

" You never, Madam, can make me a proselyte to your opinions, and I trust that virtuous spirit which supports me under this cruel detention of my person, raises me as far superior to you, in the estimation of every noble mind, as your riches places you above me, in the opinion of sordid wretches, like yourself, who would exchange every virtue for sensual pleasure, or gold to purchase them."

" Know you young lady what you refuse?"

“ Yes; I reject the dishonourable love of a man whose high rank in life is nullified by the basest of actions—and I despise the entreaties of a woman who is a *disgrace* to her *sex*! in whose breast every tender, delicate, and noble sentiment, that dignifies the female and the Christian is extinct; none remains but the shameful desire of indulging her son in every criminal and illicit pleasure. Be assured all your arts are vain; your counsels and advice would shine in the great Pandemonium—but I am firm to my purpose, and dare defy gilded machinations.”

“ Child !” replied the Duchess with a menacing countenance, “ this haughtiness ill becomes you; few, situated as you are, would have the temerity to *refuse* such offered honours; you *know not* my power, nor how dangerous it is thus to *insult* a person of my rank !”

“ Insult not me then, Madam; when a woman stoops from her boasted rank, to assist with all her arts, the ruin of an helpless female, she deserves the bitterest invectives, and the severest epithets! no situation, however elevated, can have the

least claim to honor whilst meditating a vile action.

“ Were my *King*, whom I hold as the worthiest and most exalted character in Europe, to make me a similar offer, I would reject it with abhorrence!—The wedded love of his groom would be far more honourable!”

“ Well, I shall leave you to reflect on what has past, and trust that ere to-morrow you will abjure such base-born, plebeian principles! I will accept even then of your recantation, and treat you with that kindness the woman deserves on whom my son has placed his affections.”

As the Duchess was locking the door of Celina’s apartment, her daughter, Clementina, came along the gallery.

“ I thought, Madam,” said she, “ I heard some person conversing very loud in that chamber, Was it you?”

“ It was; is it any thing extraordinary to speak loud to the domestics, if they displease you?”

“ No, indeed, Madam, it is not; but in this uninhabited part of the castle it did surprise me to hear talking.”

“ And why are you strolling near these apartments? What are you in the search of?”

“ Nothing, Madam; I was in the chapel dressing the altar with flowers, when Giovano came to tell Abbe Giatano, that there was a great number of horsemen and dogs chasing a wild boar which was within sight, having left the woods. I ran through this gallery, being the nearest way to the west tower, and am now returning to the chapel to finish decorating the altar.”

The Duchess was satisfied, and returned to her dressing-room, to inform her son of her success, but Clementina was by no means reconciled to what she had heard in the west gallery.

It disturbed her so much that she could not place the flowers to her mind, but sat down to ruminate on, and develope, if she could, why her mother should visit those chambers that were never used, and locked the door with such care.

While she sat supporting her head on her hand, an old domestic entered the chapel, to offer up his accustomed prayers to his favourite saint; but seeing his young

lady in that pensive posture, he enquired if she was well.

“ Yes, Bernardo, I am well, I thank you; but I am disturbed—I am unhappy.”

“ Heavens defend us,” cried Bernardo, crossing himself, “ what has disturbed you? I hope all the venerable excellencies that lie buried here rest in peace?”

“ Yes, no doubt,” said Clementina, “ it is the actions of the living that trouble me.”

“ Ha! Santa Maria! pray for our sins,” said Bernardo.

“ Do you know, Bernardo,” said Clementina, laying hold of his arm (for by this time fear, or some other impulse, had drawn him close to her), “ Do you know what, or who is in the blue velvet room, in the west gallery?”

Bernardo started, and shook his head.

“ You *do know* Bernardo,” said Clementina, “ then pray tell me, I beg of you. As I passed along the gallery I heard voices in that room which frightened me very much, and I saw my mother come out.”

Bernardo sighed, crossed himself again, and called on the Virgin—sighed heavily.

“ I will know, Bernardo, and if you will not tell me, I will go and knock at the door.”

“ Well Signora, if you will promise not to tell the Marchese.”

“ Indeed, Bernardo, I will not tell any body,” interrupted Clementina.

“ Why, Signora, it is a young English lady that the Marchese stole from Rome, and brought her here the night before last; she will not consent to love him, and he means to keep her shut up till she will, I believe—San Francisco defend us !”

“ Have you seen her Bernardo ?”

“ O, yes ; I always carry her victuals, and she looks so *pretty*, and so *sorrowful*, that I could find in my heart to let her go, if I dared.”

“ Will you,” said Clementina, “ let me see her to night ?”

“ Indeed, I must not ; if the Marchese should know that I ever told you, he would send me away.”

“ But he shall not know ; my mother and brother are going to Rome, and will

stay all night. I may see her without danger."

He shook his head.

" Now, do my good Bernardo, you know you always loved me ; and have told me a thousand times that you would never deny me any thing ; but you are not so kind to me now as when I was five or six years old, and I am sure I was not so good to you then as I am now."

The old man, who had loved Clementina from her infancy, for the sweetness of her disposition (for she was in every respect opposite to her mother and brother) could refuse her no longer, and agreed, that she should meet him in the chapel at six o'clock, when he would give her the key of the apartment.

Clementina was punctual to a moment, and Bernardo soon made his appearance : he felt some qualms at resigning the key, not from a desire of keeping Celina a prisoner, but for fear of the Marchese's displeasure ; these fears he hinted to Clementina, when she hastily took the key, as he held it in his hand, and told him he should not suffer.

"Oh! Signora, this lady is not the only prisoner in this house."

"Why? Who else is here?"

"The man, the carriage, and the horses, are all confined."

"O! I am glad of that; then we can manage purely.—Away she flew to the velvet chamber, unlocked the door with a trembling hand.—Bernardo was close behind her.

Celina sat at the window, her eyes fixed on the setting sun, which darted its rays on the surrounding clouds, and gilt with resplendent beauties the western banks of the lake.—She turned not her head when the door opened, for she heard it not—all her senses were absorbed in melancholy reflexion on her present situation.

"Signora," said Clementina. [the sound of a female voice made her start.]

In the innocent youthful countenance of Clementina were depicted pity and concern. Celina felt a hope arise in her bosom the moment she beheld her, which illumined her face with a smile.

"I am come, Signora, to offer you every assistance in my power to make your escape. It is hard for a daughter to say,

she despises the actions of her mother ! or detests the principles of her brother ! but, be comforted, in less than an hour you shall be at liberty."

" O Lord" cried Bernardo, falling on his knees, " O holy Virgin ! what will become of me ? for Heaven's sake, my dear lady do not go ; the Marchese will never forgive me ; perhaps the Duchess will discharge me, and I am so old no one will take me into their service ; do, my dear young lady, for the sake of a poor old man, stay."

" No, Bernardo," said Clementina, " you shall go with the Signora, and my aunt will protect you."

" I will protect you," returned Celina, " you shall go with me to Naples to the Prince Zanqui."

" I would advise you to go back to Rome to my aunt's, to whom I will give you a letter ; she, I am sure, will protect you, and when with safety you can go to Naples, Bernardo will attend you ; but if you go from here, my brother may overtake you before you reach Naples, and you will be again in his power."

It was then agreed, that as soon as it was

dark, Bernardo should let the postilion out of his confinement, put the horses to the carriage, and Celina should be ready at the back door.

Clementina then sat down to write a letter to her aunt, recommending Celina to her protection, stating her having been detained a prisoner by her brother, that through her means and Bernardo's she was set at liberty, for whom she also begged her protection.

When all was ready, Bernardo gave the signal. Clementina led Celina to the back door, when tenderly embracing her, handed her into the carriage; nor would Bernardo depart till he first had kissed his young lady's hand.

The postilion was so elated with the emancipation, that never in his life before, did he turn his horses heads towards Rome with so much real pleasure.

C H A P. VI.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our harmless ardour; and abate
Short glare of life which often blinds the wise;
Our dying friends are pioneers to smooth
Our rugged paths 'o death.

YOUNG.

LORD WINNINGTON and Mr. Hill received the account of Mr. Guraville's death with extreme concern; none could feel more sensibly for the afflictions of a friend than his Lordship. He wrote a most affectionate letter of condolence to Henry, which he received at Gibraltar; having left England for that place before it arrived; Woodman forwarded it to him.

Mrs. Pelham lingered near eleven months after Lord Winnington arrived ; after her death, his Lordship used every means in his power to settle her affairs, and left the estate, which, notwithstanding his utmost exertions was employed more than three months ; when all was settled, they took their passage in the first vessel that left the port : their voyage was tedious, and they arrived at Liverpool in the eighth week.

Anxious to see the friends they had so long been separated from, they drove post to London, from whence they proposed to pay a visit to Lutherford Hall as soon as possible. It was evening when they arrived at the Prince of Wales's coffee-house ; and while the servants disposed of the luggage, they walked into the coffee-room for amusement, and to hear what was going forward in the great world, from which they had so long been absent. After they had been seated some little time, the door of the coffee-room opened, but as quickly shut again ; Lord Winnington just caught a glimpse of a venerable old man, dressed in a suit of black, and a large round hat : he ran to the door, and called him back in a tone of voice so solicitous and soothing,

that it won the old man's heart, and arrested his steps—he turned—His Lordship accosted him in French, for he saw by his face and air he was a native of that country; and by his forlorn and melancholy appearance he concluded that he was an emigrant.

“Who were you looking for, Sir?”

“No person, Sir; I have no friends in this land. I have, as is my custom, quenched my thirst all day with water, but in my evening walk I wished to take a little porter; nature,” added he, with a mournful sigh! “requires something to support her; half a pint at night lulls me to sleep, and then only do I forget my sorrows: the light without, and attending to the appearance of the house, attracted me, I pushed open the door, but a sight of the company convinced me of my mistake.”

“Do me the favour, Sir, to walk in, I wish to have a little conversation with you.”

“My finances, Sir, are not equal to the expences of this house, or I would do myself that honour.”

“Your finances, Sir, shall not be affected

by your taking a seat in it for half an hour."

The old man bowed respectfully and entered; when he had taken his seat, "Sure," said the venerable stranger, "I have seen you before Sir; Have I not the honor of speaking to Lord Winnington? and (or I am much mistaken) that gentleman is Mr. Hill!—Do not you remember Father Quintin?"

His Lordship and Mr. Hill were all astonishment: nor could they at first trace the features of their venerable friend, so great an alteration does dress make (they never before had seen him, but in a white vest, a loose gown of the same colour, a white hat and sandals.

Lord Winnington eagerly enquired the cause of his being in England; he then enquired with equal anxiety after the health of Miss Guraville, and the Abbefs du Saint.

The old man folded his arms across his breast, shook his head, and fetched a deep sigh.

"My worthy father," cried his Lordship, hastily taking his hand, "answer me, What is the matter?"

“ Oh ! may God ! may I never again see such days ; Madam du Saint, my dear Lord, is dead ! The blow that severed my King’s head from his body was a *coup de grace* to her.”

“ Dead !” repeated his Lordship, starting from his seat, “ and where, my dear Father, is Miss Guraville ?”

“ Alas ! my Lord, I know not ; our convent was beset a few hours after the blessed spirit of our worthy Lady Abbess had fled from this world of troubles, and we took to flight, Miss Guraville, Signora Valeria, the Sacriste, and myself ; we walked and ran the whole night, and in the morning, took refuge in a house about a league and a half from Nismes : I then saw the ladies safe off in a carriage for Auvignon, the Sacriste accompanied them, to render them every assistance in his power. I then determined to make the best of my way to England ; for three day I lay concealed in the woods, and travelled only by night.

“ In my way, I ventured to bid a last sad adieu to the venerable pile in which I had spent the greatest part of my life in peaceful meditation : the walls were still standing, but the inside was totally de-

stroyed. I then by short journies, chiefly in the night, reached Bourdeaux ; from thence I came to London in an English vessel. I have not since heard of the fair fugitives, but hope they are long before this arrived at Rome."

" Gracious heaven ! what distress of mind Mrs. Guraville will suffer, if she hears that Mary is driven over the land by a set of lawless robbers !"

Father Quintin sighed, and shook his head.

" I think, Sir," continued his Lordship, " we had better write to Mrs. Guraville, and set off to Italy immediately in search of Mary."

" Madam Guraville ! ah, poor lady ! You need not write—Read that letter, my Lord."

Father Quintin then gave him a letter he had received from Woodman ; for, on his arrival in England, he begged the captain of the vessel to write to Mrs. Guraville an account of their distresses, and of Madam du Saint's death ; for the good Father's modesty was such that he would not intrude himself at Lutherdale Hall till

Mrs. Guraville had sent him an invitation.

This letter was answered by Woodman, who gave him an account of Mrs. Guraville's death, and of Henry's having gone to the Continent; the distress this gave Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington is inconceivable. That Henry was gone into the army they knew by a letter from Mrs. Guraville; but to hear that he was gone to the Continent added still deeper to their concern. His Lordship was overpowered by the accumulating ills which crowded on him, and he wept. Supper was served up in their apartment, but he could not eat; the half famished father feasted heartily, and retired to his lodgings, with a promise to return early the next morning.

Lord Winnington repeated the same anxious enquiries he had made the evening before, and heard the good man's tale again related; he then enquired concerning his means of living.

“ Ah! my Lord, I know the length of my purse, but I know not the number of my days; they are, I trust, but few.—I fled destitute and poor from my convent,

Miss Guraville was more provident, and when we parted, she kindly forced on me one hundred louis, on which I have hitherto subsisted; but I have spent with a sparing hand."

" My worthy Father, fear not; exhaust the little store, for at Blair Abbey you shall find a home for life; I will write to my steward to inform him, that he may expect you in a few days, where, I hope you will make yourself happy until we return."

Father Quintin gladly accepted the asylum so kindly offered; for the fear of future want had rendered his days miserable.

Mr. Hill having procured the necessary passports, they left town that evening for Dover; and Father Quintin, after making a small addition to his wardrobe, left London the same day for Blair Abbey.

At Dover Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill found a Packet ready to sail, in which they took their passage to Calais; from whence they meant to pay a visit to the camp before Valenceines, in hopes of seeing Henry. A fine wind blew them over in a few hours, and as they entered the

hotel, the first person they saw was Weldon ; his Lordship caught his arm, and in a tone of joy said, "Weldon, how do you do? Where is your master?"

Weldon was surprized at seeing them, but the question, Where is your master? was like a dagger to his heart ; he turned away, unable to give an answer. His Lordship stood petrified with astonishment at his manner.

Mr. Hill went to him and enquired, "Weldon, what is the matter? why those tears? Speak for heaven's sake!—What new misfortune awaits us?"

"Oh, Sir! pardon me, but my griefs are too great—I cannot speak them—My dear—dear Master—is no more!"

Lord Winnington sunk on a chair, and remained motionless for some time. Mr. Hill walked the room in speechless agony ; at length his Lordship uttered a deep groan, which somewhat relieved his aching heart. Weldon, as soon as his feelings would permit him, related to the gentlemen the melancholy account of his master's death ; also, of their unexpectedly meeting with Miss Morley, and concluded his mournful narration (which had been frequently

interrupted by sighs and tears), with expressing great uneasiness for Miss Morley's safety, as she had left Bouchain in a very weak state, and intended travelling to Naples alone.

His Lordship could not weep. — The dreadful tale of sorrow froze his lachrymal canals, and the tears refused to flow—he sat insensible to all around him. Such was the effect this great and unexpected shock had on his Lordship's faculties—the death of his dear friend deeply wounded his soul, he was unable to proceed on his journey that day, and he detained Weldon by his side the whole evening, indulging in a constant flow of grief, which repeated accounts of the death of Henry voluptuously fed.

The next day they left Calais for Bouchain, having determined to visit Henry's grave; Weldon, at their desire, accompanied them; during their journey Lord Winnington formed a design of sending his friend's body to England, which Mr. Hill highly approved. On their arrival, they made the mournful visit, and watered the grave with tears of heartfelt sorrow for the untimely death of the noble youth.

They sent Weldon to the General, to inform him of their wish to remove the body ; the general, eager to see the friends of Henry, immediately waited on them, and spoke of his unfortunate friend in such terms as endeared him to them both, and at parting they promised to correspond.— The body was taken up immediately ; a case was made for the coffin, and Weldon set off with it to Calais.

Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington proceeded on their journey to Rome with all possible speed, hoping to overtake Celina on the road ; at the same time fearing what ill they might meet, as the period from their landing at Liverpool had teemed with dreadful events, at least the knowledge of dreadful events had come fast upon them.

C H A P. VII.

Cold icy horror seized each vein,
It's chilling grasp her vitals froze;
Her soul groaned deep in mental pain,
As they the tale of woe disclose.

MANY little circumstances occurred that prevented Don Guraville from beginning his voyage as soon as he intended, which delay was not very agreeable to either Mary or Valeria; but, in some degree to compensate for it, their time was pleasantly varied with amusements. The kind attentions of Donna Guraville could only be equally by those of her husband, whose great desire to please and render them happy was apparent in every action. At length the much wished-for time arriv-

ed, and they departed from Spain in company with Don and Donna Guraville, their two sons, and the Sacriste. The second day of their voyage a heavy storm rose, which continued with little abatement for several days; on the sixteenth day, the captain perceived they had passed Cevitavecha, and found that Naples would be the first port most desirable to make. Happy did Valeria feel when she set her foot on her native land, for at Naples was she born, and had lived till she was ten years old, when on the death of some relations, the Palazza Porini fell to the Count her father, and he removed to Rome immediately.

To oblige the fair wanderers, Don Guraville left Naples the same night, and travelled with all possible expedition to Rome, where the good Count and Countess welcomed them most cordially; they had waited in anxious expectation for some weeks, and had suffered much on account of Valeria, as they had heard of the evacuation of the convent some time before they received her letter from Spain.

The next day Mary hinted to Don Guraville the anxious wish that they might

proceed on their journey to England, as soon as it was agreeable to him; Count Porini pressed them to stay two or three months at Rome, saying, he could not have enough of the company of such friends;—friends to whom he owed such obligations. But Don Guraville excused himself, and said, if his fair cousin would give up one week to him, he would afterwards proceed to England; nor delay one hour on the road, but these few days he wished for to examine the beauties of that ancient city; to this Mary could not reasonably object, and too grateful she felt for the kindness of Don Guraville not to be anxious to promote, as much as it was in her power, any plan that could contribute to his satisfaction and pleasure.

Indeed, had Mary no other dear relations to whom her thoughts reverted with anxious tenderness, she could have passed the remainder of her life happily, surrounded by her present agreeable and interesting society.

On the fourth evening, after their arrival at Rome, a servant brought in a letter for Mary, and said, that two English Gentlemen were in their carriage

at the gate; she knew immediately the superscription to be Lord Winnington's writing; this unexpected pleasure occasioned a visible tremour through her whole frame.

"Who is it from, my dear?" said Valeria.

"From Lord Winnington," replied Mary.

"What? Lord Winnington here?" exclaimed Valeria, and away she ran to the carriage, followed by her father; her lively joy for some time prevented the Count from inviting the strangers in; which invitation they immediately accepted.

Mary received her friends with heartfelt joy; but his Lordship felt far from being happy. After so long an absence to see Mary again, and to see her in the full enjoyment of health and spirits, could not fail to inspire him with pleasure; but when he reflected on the dreadful tale he had to unfold, and that all the fond hopes in which she was now indulging would, in a few hours, be annihilated, when he recollect ed that the dear mother and brother whom she hoped in a few weeks to embrace were no more, it was with difficulty

he could conceal the painful emotions that swelled his bosom ; as soon as the first salutations were over, Mary eagerly began to make her enquiries.

“ Have you brought me a letter from my dear mother ? ”

“ We have not seen her,” said his Lordship, with some emotion.

“ How then did you hear that I was at Rome ? ”

“ On the evening we arrived at London from the West Indies, we met by accident Father Quintin, who informed us.”

“ Father Quintin ! —Oh ! I am happy to hear he is safe in England ; I begged he would go to Lutherdale Hall. I am sure he would have met with a hearty welcome there.—Then you have not yet seen, or heard from my brother Henry ? ”

“ We did not allow ourselves time to enquire after any person, but set off immediately to conduct you to England —If you will favour us with an account of your adventures from the time you parted with Father Quintin, it will oblige us much.”

“ Signora Valeria, my Lord, will I hope undertake the relation, her heart is at

ease; she is happy in the society of her parents and friends, and all anxieties are at an end. I have yet more friends to seek, and I know not why my mind is uncommonly disturbed, and my heart beats heavily."

Valeria related minutely every circumstance that had occurred, from the evening they left the couvent to the hour they arrived at Rome: the account gave her attentive auditors both pain and surprise.

Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill congratulated Mary on the new relatives she had so unexpectedly discovered, and begged to be introduced to them.

They then rose to take their leave, when the Count insisted on their taking beds there, saying, that a party so interesting in the wonderful event that had befallen each other should not be separated; to the Count's request Valeria joined her irresistible entreaties—they bowed and resumed their seats.

The next morning when Mr. Hill was engaged in close conversation with the Countess, Donna Gurraville, and Mary,

Lord Winnington beckoned to Valeria to follow him—she did—He then unfolded the dreadful tale that laboured at his breast.

She heard the shocking relation with grief and dismay; for the fate of Henry she shed many tears—she had seen and admired him, and his sister the loved with tender affection.

“ And am I to be the repeater of these dreadful tidings? Indeed, my Lord, it is a cruel task? I know not where to begin?”

“ I would not, Signora, impose it on you, but I know you can couch it in much softer terms than I can, and will break it to her more tenderly.”

The day after this conversation, Mary and Valeria were together, when Mary observed, that Lord Winnington appeared unusually out of spirits at breakfast; “ But indeed,” added she, “ he has been very gloomy ever since the first evening of his arrival, he has not that cheerful countenance and lively air he used to have; he has surely something on his mind; I cannot think what it can be?”

“ He has, my friend, a great weight of sorrow on his mind.”

“ What! has he made you his confidant?”

“ He has indeed! which gives me great pain.”

“ Ah, Valentia! tell me? does it concern me? alas! I fear it does, or, why not have spoken of it when I was present.”

“ Do not alarm yourself, my dear friend, by anticipating ill's; be calm and I will tell you the cause of Lord Winnington's distrefs.

“ Our lives, dear Mary, are continually chequered by alternate joy and sorrow; the Divine Disposer of all things raises us up friends when we are in affliction; he also snatches them from us when his unfathomable wisdom sees fit—Summon all your fortitude, my Friend—remember the Omnipotent Being who inflicts the wound has also the power to heal it.”

“ To what Valeria does your discourse point?—For heaven's sake tell me at once. I can support any thing better than this terrible suspense.—Is my mother well?—or is she—O, my God!—what a horrid presentiment preffes on my mind—or my brother—my dear Henry!—O Va-

leria! tell me immediately—suffer me not to remain one moment longer in this torturing uncertainty!"

Valeria burst into tears—Mary, in an agony, threw her arms round her neck, and while the former pressed her to her bosom—she tremblingly articulated, "Tell me, Valeria!—Which am I to mourn?"

"Both—both—sobbed out Valeria. O, my dear Mary! how my heart bleeds for you!"

"Both!" shrieked Mary, and sunk lifeless in her arms.—Valeria laid her on the sofa, and rang the bell for assistance; a servant brought salts; she then sent for Mr. Hill, who immediately came; he beheld the lifeless Mary with the tenderest compassion.

As soon as she recovered her faculties, she entreated him to relate the cause of her mother's death, also her dear Henry's:—he began the mournful history, to which she listened in silent anguish. When she recollect ed how cruelly death had robbed her in the course of two years absence, she could not support the bitter reflection.—She remained in her apartment the whole

day, with no other company than Valeria.

Lord Winnington thought, that the sooner she mixed with the family the sooner her grief would be dissipated; he therefore, in the evening, desired permission to see her.—Mary wished for it, yet dreaded the interview, and the effusions of grief at first meeting were two powerful for either.

“Are you, my Lord,” said Mary, as soon as she recovered the power of utterance, “are you come to mourn with a father—mother—and brotherless wretch?”

“That you are an orphan and brotherless, is a source of the greatest affliction to me; your late worthy parent I respected and revered; but Henry—I loved as a brother, and my grief for his loss is equal to my love. But I hope, my dear Mary, you have too many friends, too sincere and worthy friends, for your present afflicting loss to render you perfectly wretched, and among which I hope to be numbered.”

“O, my Lord! pardon me, if in this extreme of sorrow, any thing like ingratitude should escape me; indeed my heart means it not.”

After two hours of melancholy conversation, his Lordship took his leave for the night, having obtained a promise from Mary to join the family at dinner the next day.

On the following morning, the Countess and Donna Guraville paid Mary a visit, whom they still found in tears. Their discourse was cheerful; but they avoided every thing like mirth, as it would have been an insult to her grief; but, indeed, their susceptible hearts felt too sincerely for the fair mourner to think of mirth, had it been necessary.

Mr. Hill began to feel very uneasy at not having seen or heard any thing of Celina, nor had he any clue to guide his enquiries concerning her; they forbore to speak of her in the presence of Mary, being fearful of adding to the weight of sorrow already in her mind.

At dinner, Mary appeared, and notwithstanding her endeavours to be composed, she evidently laboured under a heavy depression;—towards the evening she grew more tranquil, and seemed a little amused by the different subjects discoursed on.

At a late hour in the evening the company being engaged in serious and interesting conversation, a servant brought in a letter, and gave it to the Countess—After reading it—“ Blefs me !” said she, “ Do Dominics, shew the lady into the other room, and I will wait on her.”

“ What lady !” asked the Count.

“ Read that—I am astonished !”

He perused the letter, and returned it, saying, “ Indeed, my dear, I am not—I have long *known him to be a villain !*—I will attend you to the lady.” The Count and Countess then left the room, after making an apology to their friends.

“ Now, would I give a trifle to know what all this means ; it is something very strange and mysterious—‘ I have long known him to be a villain,’ are harsher words than my father is accustomed to use.

“ Worse cannot be said of any man,” replied his Lordship.”

“ No doubt the Count has good reasons for what he asserts,” said Don Guraville.

So passed the time till the Count returned.

"My Lord," said he, as he entered, "I am almost led to suppose that England is the island of beauties; the Countess now has an English lady with her, whom she will introduce presently; the most perfect work of nature I have ever seen; her features are delicately soft, and her form as symmetry itself."

"I believe few countries can boast of more fine women than England, but I confess I am all impatience to behold one of her fairest daughters."

As Lord Winnington concluded this sentence, the Countess entered, leading in a lady.

"Give me leave Miss Guraville to introduce this lady to you, as you are of the same country; I present her to you first.—Mary rose to receive the stranger, when they both exclaimed in the same instant—Mary—Celina—and flew into each other's arms. Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington both rose up to join in the embrace; she was then introduced to the rest of the company, and a general congratulation took place.

Mr. Hill was desirous of knowing the

cause of her sudden appearance, and the air of mystery it carried. She related how the Marchese Spignitori took her to his mother's castle, and the manner in which Clementina had assisted her to escape.

The Countess condemned the conduct of her sister-in-law; said it was not the first time she had drawn a blush on her cheek. It was late before they thought of retiring for the night, when Mary requested that Celina might sleep with her. The morning dawned long before they closed their eyes; they had much to relate, but their tales were melancholy, and many a bitter tear they shed in each other's arms.

When they arose, their eyes and pale looks bore testimony how they had spent the night, and Mr. Hill declared that they should be separated if they any more made such bad use of it.

The postillion soon informed the Abbe Benefico what had happened to himself and Celina; when the good Abbe made his appearance the next morning with a letter for Celina, from the Princess Zanqui, expressing the utmost impatience to see her; also, that she expected Mr. Bent-

ham in a few days ; she shewed the letter to Mr. Hill, and asked his advice.

After much debate, it was determined that the whole family should visit Naples, except the Count and Countess, as it was a country all the gentlemen wished to see ; nor was the Sacriste left out, the Count retained him at his table out of gratitude for his kind care of his daughter. Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill paid him every attention in their power ; and such was the goodness of his disposition, and the humble simplicity of his manners, that he gained a friend in the heart of each.

Their journey to Naples was pleasant, and the scene somewhat enlivened Mary's mind, but it still retained a *sombre* cast ; they took apartments at the Crocelle, where the master welcomed Celina back.

The next morning she paid a visit to the Princess Zanqui, where she found Mr. Bentham ; he was overjoyed to see her, but no tidings of Edward.

The Princess Zanqui was much disappointed that Celina could not reside with her, also at the short time they purposed staying at Naples.

As Celina had before seen all the curiosities of the place, she excused herself from attending Mary and her party in their excursions, which time she divided between the Princess Zanqui and Mr. Bentham; with the former, she visited those ladies she had had the honor of being introduced to by the Princess, to take her leave; and with the latter, she strayed to those haunts she had formerly frequented with Edward. Sometimes alone would she visit the favourite tomb, and there hold imaginary converse with him, and in those moments did she live whole ages of future happiness: but alas! poor deluded Celina! not one—
one day was ever realized.

Mr. Bentham was obliged to leave Naples in a few days for England; he gave her his address, and she not knowing where she might be, desired him to direct to her at Lutherdale Hall.

They passed three weeks at Naples, in which time they dined several times with the Prince Zanqui; both he and the Princess expressed much indignation at the insult offered to Celina by the Marchese Spignitori: but since, in that country, it

only came under the head of galantry, it could not be taken notice of but by the lady's friends, and as they intended so soon to leave Italy it would not be possible they could do so.

At parting, the Prince and Princess made every profession of sincere friendship to Celina. They spent a few days on their return with the Count Porini, who promised to retain Bernardo in his service for life; and Lord Winnington ordered the English banker to pay him quarterly, to the amount of seventy pounds a year.

Valeria felt the sincerest regret at parting with Mary, and extorted a promise from her that she would make a second visit to Rome as soon as the war was at an end.

They took their journey over that part of the Alps which Celina had travelled twice before, and continued their rout to Hambro', and arrived in England on the fifth week after their departure from Rome. The similar, but distressing sensations Mary and Celina felt when they set foot on their native land, were visible to all.

"I was rich," sighed Mary, "in dear relations when I left my native home, a father, mother, brother, and sister; now,

alas ! all but one, are torn from me ! ”

“ I have not so many,” replied Celina, “ to mourn, but I have lost my all ! ”

“ I cannot allow this comparing of notes,” said his Lordship, taking a hand of each, “ you shall be separated.”

“ Do not, my Lord, be so cruel, the only consolation I can at present feel is to talk over my sorrows,” returned Celina.

As Lord Winnington had no house in town, they staid in the metropolis but two days. Mary felt a restless anxiety to see once more her dear Eliza ; and Lord Winnington insisted that Don Guraville and his family should be his visitors during their stay in England.

C H A P. VIII.

She let no borrow'd rose her cheek adorn,
Her blushing cheek that sham'd the purple morn ;
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils
Or studied gestures, or well practised smiles,
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty leis
She proved the engaging chastity of dress.

SEENSTONE.

FAATHER QUINTIN was the first to welcome them ; Mary and the servants received his warmest embrace ; and with an eager ear did he listen to the account of their adventures from the time he parted with them, till they happily sat down at Rome.

Mary, anxious to embrace her sister, left Blair Abby on the second day with Celina, Donna Guraville, and Mr. Hill ; his Lord-

ship, Don Guraville and sons promised to follow in a few days.

On entering Lutherdale Hall Mary's sensations were extremely painful; each room, each chair, brought strongly to her recollection those dear friends she had for ever lost! kind and efficacious were Mr. Hill's endeavours to draw her mind from dwelling on subjects so gloomy.

Woodman received Mary with tender respect, but his old eyes told the grief of his heart. Soon after her arrival, she wrote a note to Mrs. Bouvrie, expressive of the obligations she felt for her kindness to Eliza: and that next morning she hoped to thank her in person.

It would be difficult to say which received the most, or most fervent of Eliza's caresses, Mary, or Celina; the meeting was truly grateful on all sides.

Mrs. Bouvrie begged to be favoured with Celina's company for a few days, as she was to lose Eliza; also, that the common favorite Chloe, she should retain, to which Celina consented; and Mary said, after a few weeks Eliza should pay her respects to her whenever she desired it.

A few days after Mary arrived at Lutherford Hall, a servant brought in a card saying, that a Mrs. Wingrove was in her carriage at the gate, and begged to be admitted.

"Mrs. Wingrove! why Woodman," said Mary, "Is Mr. Wingrove married?"

"Yes, madam."

"To whom?"

"I do not know the lady, she is from the west of this country; it is but a few weeks since the union took place."

"I will wait on her in the breakfast parlour." When Mary entered, she had the pleasure of meeting in Mrs. Wingrove her old friend Miss Bean; the joy was reciprocal, and many hours were spent in relating the different disasters that had befallen them in their escape from their Convent.

Miss Bean and her aunt, without knowledge or intent, took in their fright the direct road toward Bourdeaux; at about eight miles distant from the Convent they took refuge in a cottage; the people used them kindly, and in the morning furnished her aunt with another dress, which, tho' poor and coarse, was to be preferred to her

habit which she left in exchange, with the addition of a little money.

Sometimes on foot, and sometimes in a carriage, which chance now and then directed to them, they reached Bourdeaux, from thence they got to England.—When they arrived in London, which was the port the ship was bound to, they found themselves poor, destitute strangers! the little money they possessed was unequal to the Captain's demand, but he took it; and with it a promise that the rest should be sent as soon as they reached Devonshire.

By the help of his directions they proceeded to the inn, from whence the Exeter stage set out; but so dirty and deplorable was their appearance, that they were refused places within the coach; nor would the coach man suffer them to take seats on the out side without first paying his demand.

In vain did Miss Bean relate her situation, and promise that her father would repay him doubly, if he would take them and supply them on the road with a little bread to support nature.

But he told them, “ It wont do;—I'm up to your cant;—musn't think to queer

me.—I'm not to be done—tip me none of your palaver."

Mifs Bean, to whom these phrases were as unintelligible as Madame Grandville's broken English was to the man, put her arm within her aunts, fighed! and walked away, with hearts sinking with anguish!

As they passed through the streets, they excited much wonder, but not one curiously kind heart did they meet, to enquire into their distresses, or shew the least inclination to releive them.

After frequent enquires, they found themselves at Hyde Park Corner, and happy did they feel that their path was not so often crossed by the rude stranger, whose unkind gaze often drew a tear from their eyes, and a blush on their cheek.

It was sometime after dark when they reached Hounslow,

"O, my niece!" said Madame Grandville, "I can walk no further! can you condescend to ask for assistance?"

"I will, my dear aunt, your wants will make me bold;" they had walked nearly thro' the town when they stopped at a large inn, shivering with wet and cold; for they

had been exposed to several pelting showers of hail and rain, they turned in at the door; the mistress, unaccustomed to receive foot passengers, met them in the passage, and kindly enquired what they wanted.

Mrs Bean worn out with fatigue and sorrow, could not tell her tale; twice did she begin,—but her full heart swelled in her bosom! and stopped her utterance.

At this moment a carriage drove to the door, attended by two out-riders in smart liveries; the supplicating females were forgot, and the landlady went to welcome in an elegant young man, who skipped from the carriage all health and spirits. The distressed females caught his eye—he stopped.

“What is the matter?”

“I do not know Sir; the eldest of the two seems to be a foreigner, and the youngest is too full of grief to tell her wants.”

The gentleman saw that their form, air, and persons, did not correspond with the dirt and wretchedness of their dress, desired them to follow him: as soon as they reached the room, Madame Grandville sunk on a chair, and fainted.—When she came to herself, Mrs Bean said, “fatigue and want

is the cause; we have not eat or drank for these last eighteen hours."

Some warm wine and a toast were immediately ordered, and he insisted that Miss Bean should take a glass before she related to him who she was.

The wine she greedily swallowed, then briefly related their flight from France; and that they were travelling to Devonshire, to her father, whose name she mentioned.

"Heavens!" said Mr. Wingrove, (for it was no other man that thus charitably fed the hungry,)—"is your name Bean? I dined with your father the day before I left Exeter; he is building a house; it is just finished, and he told me he should go in the spring to fetch you home."

Miss Bean was overjoyed to find that her father was known to him; she no longer feared her story would be doubted.—The landlady was immediately employed to furnish them with a change of things—Never before did either of them know the true comfort of dry cloaths, and a good warm supper,

The next morning Mr. Wingrove dispatched one of his servants to a ware house

in London, for every necessary article of dress for the ladies ; and the morning after they set out for Exeter.

On their arrival, Mr. Wingrove sent for Mr. Bean, who was very busy attending the preparing and painting of his house, though it was not a very favourable season for that business, yet he would have it done that he might leave England early in the spring.

When he came to the Hotel, he expected himself much surprised to find Mr. Wingrove returned.

“ Why, Sir,” said he, “ I picked up two ladies on the road, and have brought them to you.”

“ Me, God bleſſee, es wants no ladies, not ti ; es wants nert but my Emily.”

“ But suppose it should be your Emily, what would you say ? ”

“ My Emily ! what my daughter ! where, how, how, could you find my daughter ? ”

“ I have found her, Sir, and will soon bring her to you.”—He then went out and led in Madame Grandville and Miss Bean.

The good father pressed her to his breast, and wept for joy ; his sister also received very kindly.—He jumped about, and order-

ed a good supper ; vowed he would never part with Mr. Wingrove, who had so kindly taken care of his Emily.

“ What can I do to make you amends ? You have been so cruel kind to her. I never can repay you.”

“ Why, my friend, I fed the lady when she was hungry, and cloathed her when she stood in need of cloaths, in doing which I felt so much pleasure that I would ask the right of doing so for life.”

“ What de ye mean ? zure ye would not marry my Emily !”

“ If it meets with the lady’s approbation, and your’s, it would make me the happiest of men.”

“ Why, whot do ee tello, and be ye in love with my Emily zure !”

Miss Emily possesilles my warmest esteem, and if I am so happy as not to be indifferent to her, I shall indulge the hope of one day being blest with her fair hand.”

“ Well, well, we shall zee, es will tell the girl all you zay.”

Miss Bean accepted Mr. Wingrove, and in a few weeks they were married—Madame Grandville not liking to live with her bro-

ther, went to Winchester and was received among the ladies who fled from France to that asylum.

Mary wrote a circumstantial account of Miss Bean's and Madame Grandville's journey to Father Quintin, who determined to make that lady a widow.

Lord Winnington, then Maraville, and his sons, arrived at Eardale Hall a few days after Mary.—He was happy to find her so much reconciled to the cruel losses she had suffered, and soon took an opportunity of speaking to her of himself,—hitherto he had only conducted himself towards her as a friend, he wished to be received as a man who felt for her the tenderest affection, and who hoped to devote the remainder of his life to her.

Mary received this declaration with surprise, but as Lord Winnington had long been the favourite of her heart! and as no proposal could have been more congenial to her wishes, she scorned by an affected doubt, or disapprobation, to give him equivocal answers; but blushing, told him that he had a friend with whom he ought to

consult,—and whom she doubted not was equally her's—if he approves.

“He does approve, and I am happy!”

Mary soon communicated to Celina how affairs went on with herself and Lord Win-nington, which gave her real pleasure to hear.

His Lordship continued at Lutherdale Hall some weeks, but with such propriety did he conduct himself, that the most scrutinizing eye could not discover that Mary was the object of his affections;—no sive glances; no squeezes of the hand, or fondly lolling against each other; such fooleries he scorned, and Mary would have blushed at.

Don Guraville, by the advice of Mr. Hill, sent his sons to school, and when they had learned English, it was his intention that the eldest should go to College. Donna Guraville felt much at parting with her sons; but no two more sincerely grieved at the separation than Eliza and Alouza; they had been inseparable companions from their first meeting, and under her instructions he had learned to

speak tolerable English; and Eliza gathered from him much Spanish.

Father Quintin, and the Sarcriste, a few days after Lord Winnington left Blair Abby, set out on a visit to Madam Grandville—the old lady was everjoyed to see them, and much pleasure did they feel in recounting their adventures.

As Father Quintin found many good jolly Fathers and Clergymen in Wincheter, with whose company and conversation he was much pleased, he staid there more then a fortnight.

On there return home, at a small town, where they stopped to change horses, there was a fair held, the novelty of which attracted the Sarcriste's notice, and he prevailed on Father Quintin to stay the day there: the rustic games and amusements diverted them much.

Towards evening, as they were returning to their inn, a woman called out from a window, “Father, father,” knowing it to be a common appellation, he took no notice, when sooon he felt some one pull his coat; he turned round and found it was the woman who called to him.

"Father," said she, "a dying man of your church would speak to you."

"I will go, my daughter, to him, Where is he?"

"Follow me," said the woman, she led them into a small neat house, the Sarcriste remained below while the good father went to administer comfort to the dying man above.

He found the sick man in bed, he had scarcely strength enough remaining to speak; after saying a few comfortable prayers, the good father proceeded to take the confession of the man; among the rest, the crime that oppressed him most was, he said, "That near ten years ago he confiscated a very large sum of money that belonged to a poor orphan, and he knew not but the child died for want: two or three years ago, I endeavoured to discover where he was, but to no effect. I then retired from the business in which I was engaged, to this obscure town, here have I lived with no other companion then the servant you saw, and my burthened conscience."

"Have you any of the money left?" said Father Quintin.

“ O, yes! twice the sum !”

“ Then, if you have any relations, leave all the money you have over the sum you took from the poor child to them.”

“ I have no relations.”

“ Then we must seek out some worthy distressed families, and give to each a little.”

“ Dispose of it as you will, my good father, so my poor soul may be at rest.”

After much more conversation, and many more prayers, in which the poor sinner evinced great contrition and repentance, the good Father proceeded to administer the sacrament

“ I have a young friend below who will communicate with us,” said Father Quintin.

As the Sarcriste approached the bed, the dying man uttered a dreadful cry! and hid his face in the bed, which shook with his convulsive starts.

“ Heavens !” said the Sarcriste, “ have I frightened the poor soul ?”

“ Oh ! it is him, or his ghost ; O, my wounded peace ! my tortured conscience !”

then lifting his face from the bed-cloathes his eyes stared wildly—"Do you know me young man?" "No" replied the Sarcriste.

"What is your name?"

"Jaques le Bouvaud."

"Oh! the same! God be thanked; I now can make ample restitution!"

"What!" said Father Quintin, drawing close to the bed, "Is this the youth you have wronged?"

"Yes, he is the same; his father and I were sworn friends, but the evil spirit tempted me to prove myself a bitter enemy to his orphan son! Can you forgive a repentant sinner the great injuries he has done you?" He held out his hand, which Sarcriste took in his, and pressed it tenderly.—"I do forgive you from my soul! may God Almighty as freely forgive you!"

"O! thou generous heart, that canst forgive the moment he asks for it, the man who has robbed you of every livre you were worth; and left you to the mercy of strangers for bread, and at an age when you were not able to help yourself, and you know not but all the money I took from

you may be gone like chaff before the wind."

"I am satisfied that you repent of your sins ; and I hope you will leave this world in as full confidence of the Almighty's pardon, as I should wish you to do of mine."

"True christian goodness like your's must be rewarded ; and this good Father will inform you how."

"Take these papers, good father, they will shew you what funds my money is in, and how much. I leave you my executor, and Jaques le Bouvaud my sole legatee."

A lawyer was sent for, and in a few minutes a short will was executed. The good father then proceeded to perform his religious duties, and the sick man was comforted.

Father Quintin retired to rest, but the Sarcriste remained all night by the bed side. Mons. la Esque appeared very composed, and slept much—but he grew evidently worse, and about six the next morning sunk into death.

Father Quintin wrote to inform his Lordship of this very unexpected good fortune of the Sarcriste's, and that they should stay

till the body was buried, and the goods of the house disposed of.

On their return to Blair Abbey, they found a letter from his Lordship, expressing a wish to see them at Lutherdale Hall, which summons they instantly obeyed, numerous were the congratulations the Sarciste received, and none but happy faces were seen.

Celina still remained with Mr. Bouvrie, but made frequent visits to Lutherdale Hall. Yet there was something endearing to her in Beach Park.—The room where she first saw Edward after she left town,—the garden in which they had walked together—all were objects dear to her.

When the time of mourning for her mother and brother was expired, Mary consented to accept of Lord Winnington's hand—the intermediate time he was engaged in buying a house in town, and furnishing it.

The marriage took place at Lutherdale Hall, Celina attended her friend as bride's maid, and Mrs. Bouvrie spent the day there; no stranger was present but Mr. Mordant, who arrived the evening before, he was an

acquaintance of his Lordship's, and had known him long, though there was no great degree of intimacy between them, yet he thought him an amiable young man, and as his Henry was for ever gone, he wished to supply his place, but feared he never should meet his equal.

Mary looked elegant, and charmingly interesting; when she entered the breakfast parlour, she enquired for Celina; she was not come.—Donna Guraville, who was attired quite in the English fashion, did the honors of the breakfast table. His Lordship was in high spirits, Mr. Hill wore his usual smile—Don Guraville was delighted—Father Quintin rubbed his hands and took snuff—the Sarcriste, and Eliza were trying which could first discover Mr. Bouvrie's carriage; and Mr. Mordant looked all things.

At length the carriage appeared, and all ran to conduct the ladies in. Mr. Bouvrie entered with Mr. Hill, and Celina with his Lordship.

What a little angel! repeated Mr. Mordant softly;—though not so softly but the Sarcriste heard, who was standing by; they

proceeded to church in their carriages, where the ceremony was performed by the good old curate, who returned to dinner with the company, all were serenely gay, but poor Celina, who secretly drew comparisons between her friends nuptials and her own, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain the starting tear.

She looked lovely! beyond description—but her spirits were uncommonly depressed, which threw a soft melancholy over every feature.

In the evening she returned with Mrs. Bouvrie to the great disappointment of Mr. Mordant, who had looked and loved the whole day: a short time after he took an opportunity to speak of Celina to Mr. Hill, who informed him that she was an Orphan without fortune; he spoke in the highest terms of her fate, and with the most fervent enthusiasm; recounted the amiable virtues she possessed, and concluded by declaring himself her warmest friend.

Mr. Mordant then candidly confessed, that Miss Morley was the first woman he had ever seen, whose company gave him particular pleasure—that the instant she entered

the room, he felt sensations such as never agitated his heart before, and he was convinced she was necessary to the peace, and comfort of his life.

Such an offer Mr. Mordant is far superior to Miss Morley's hopes, though I may venture to affirm not so to her merits. I will see her this evening, and hint to her your wishes of being permitted to pay your attentions to her, all her friends must wish you success. Mr Hill found Celina alone, Mrs. Bouvrie being gone with her maid to visit a poor cottager who was ill.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Hill asked Celina what she thought of Mr. Mordant.

“ I have not been enough in his company to venture my opinion, but if I may judge from the little I have seen, I think him a sensible well informed man, there appears to be none of that careless *sang froid* about him, which many of our young men of fashion effect,”

“ I am glad Celina to find that your opinion and mine so well agree respecting him, I can also inform you, he has entertained even a far more favourable idea of

you—(Celina blushed) he this morning in the most open and honourable manner declared to me his sentiments concerning you, and I willingly undertook the embafly to make his proposals, and know if his visits will be accepted."

"I am sorry, Sir, to say you cannot take back a favourable answer."

"I am sorry too, Celina. Does my friendihip for your late father, and yourself, authorife the liberty of asking your objection? he is an amiable young man of rank, and of fathion, the eldest nephew of Lord—, and his present income is at least seven thousand a year, you have already owned that he is agreeable in his manners; and his person, all must allow, is manly and elegant."

"My dear Sir, I cannot contradict any thing you have said in favour of Mr. Mordant, I do allow him to possess even more beauties and virtues than you have enumerated yet I cannot accept of the honour he, through you, offers me. The long and proved friendship that existed between you and my father, and which since his death, you have transferred to his child, demands

from me the most ingenuous and explicit reasons for my refusing Mr. Mordant's hand."

" Long has it been a weight on my mind, but the fear of incurring your displeasure tied my tongue. To my dear father on his death-bed did I confess it: and he forgave me; you will not surely be more unkind."

Here, past scenes crowded so fast on her mind, and her bosom grew so agitated, she could utter only sighs!

Mr. Hill affected by her extreme distress, flew to the sofa on which she sat, and supported her head on his bosom!

" Tell me, my dear child! speak the great grief that labours at your breast; fear not to find me less kind than you dear father!"

" Will you, indeed, forgive and pity me; when I tell you that I am married?

" Married, Celina! to whom?"

As soon as she could compose herself, she related the full account of her marriage with Edward, whom Mr. Hill recollects frequently to have seen at Mr. Morleys.

He felt extremely sorry at her having given her hand to Edward, as he had pro-

mised himself the happiness, to see the daughter of his friend more in that rank of life; he knew she would do honour to.

However, he could see no crime in what she had done; he sincerely hoped she would one day be happy! he tenderly embraced her, and assured her of his lasting friendship; promised to be secret respecting her marriage.

To Mr. Mordant, "he said, it would be right to give the real cause of her rejecting his offer, but no name should be mentioned."

The next morning Mr. Mordant anxious to know the event of Mr. Hill's visit, watched his coming out of his chamber, they walked into the garden—Mr. Hill, without much preface, informed him that Celina was fully sensible of his worth, and the honour he had done her by the offer, but that full eleven months before, while abroad she had given her hand to a young gentleman, to whom she had been attached for some years; that he was now abroad, and it was necessary that the mar-

riage should remain a secret untill he returned.

Mr. Mordant received this account with visible marks of distress.

"He said, that the circumstance of her being married was a death blow to his hopes, *but* that he honoured Celina's ingenuous conduct towards him, and hoped he might be admitted to the list of her friends.

In a few weeks Lord and Lady Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Eliza, with their foreign friends, went to town where Don Graville took a house, having received private information from his friends in Barcelona, that it was confidentially, though privately reported, that their monarch was inclined to take part with the French against England and Austria, which account determined him to stay in England, he therefore lost no time in having all the property he had at Barcelona, (which was very considerable) collected, and the money remitted to England.

Monsieur Jaques le Bouvard in possession of upwards of nine thousand pounds, judged it not right to live any longer on the bounty of Lord Winnington, he took a

small house for himself and Father Quintin, a short distance from Don Guraville's, but was of little use except to sleep in, as their days were almost all spent at Lord Wannington's, or Don Guraville's.

C H A P. IX.

Rebellion's spirit stalked abroad,
Struck grief and terror through each loyal heart ;
Far from her arms, her heart's lov'd Lord.
She sunk oppress'd by poverty's cold smart..

ONE extreme cold day as Mons. le Bou-
vard was returning from the city, he
passed a tall thin figure of a woman, mean-
ly cloathed with a basket of vegetables un-
der her arm, he thought he had some recol-
lection, though a confused one, of her face,
which bore the marks of distress and sorrow;
he stopped and amused himself at a shop

window while she passed, he then followed her to a small miserable house in Somers-town, which she entered, near he saw a little chandler's shop; at which he enquired who lived at the house he observed the woman enter, he was told that a French woman and her daughter lodged there, that they were in extreme distress, and the young woman took in needle work for their support. He was now convinced that his conjectures were right; he went to the apartment and knocked at the door, it was opened by the same tall thin figure he had followed; the young woman sat by a miserable fire at work. As the door opened, she lifted up her languid eyes, and he instantly recognized the once beautiful and gay Madam Crilnaud, for she was not so changed by grief and hardship as her mother.

She immediately recollected the Sarciste, a momentary confusion threw over her palid cheek a lively tint, his appearance recalled too forcibly to her mind the affluence, and happiness she enjoyed when last she saw him.

He begged to know the cause of their coming to England, which she briefly re-

lated, Madam Crilnaud could only answer by sighs and tears.

"Three or four days after we were informed by the Paris papers, that my dear father had suffered only for being connected with a house, the head partner of which had a few weeks before been put to a cruel death, though the only crime alleged against him was, that he loved his king. Four men came to Auvignon to seize my father's papers and effects, under pretence that they were traitorous to the convention, they had also an order to bring my mother and myself to Paris to be examined: we were apprised of this by the Commandant a few moments before they entered our house, and we made our escape, but had not time to take any thing with us, and my mother had not more than twenty louis in her pocket, we met with no interruption on our way to England, since then we have observed the most rigid economy, and I have done every thing in my power to add to the little we have, by taking in all the needle work I can procure.

Mons. le Bouvard both felt and expressed great concern for their misfortunes. The

moment he returned home, he enclosed a twenty pound note in a sheet of paper directed it to Madam Crilnaud, and sent it by a servant; he then went to Lady-Winnington, to inform her of their distressed situation, her ladyship's feelings were sensibly touched with the account. All Madam Crilnaud's former kindness rushed on her mind, and she determined to repay her liberality treble-fold.

The next day Lord and Lady Winnington paid them a visit, her Ladyship could not conceal her emotion on beholding their miserable abode! so different from their handsome residence at Auvignon, she insisted on taking them home with her; they accepted the invitation with unspeakable pleasure, but begged a few days to put their wardrobe in a little order, which the bounty of Mons. le Bouvard had enabled them to do. Mary then presented them with a fifty pound note, and Lord Winnington, unseen, left them two others on the table.

They provided themselves with every necessary and in a few days joined the happy family in Portman Square.

Soon after christmas Celina and Mrs. Bouvrie came to town on a visit to Lady Winnington, and in the course of the spring Madam Crilnaud gave her hand to Mons. le Bouvard.

Two years did Celina anxiously wait in expectation of hearing from her Edward, when Mr. Hill advised her to write to Mr. Bentham, who, in his answer, faid,

“ My dear Madam,

I should have wrote to you before, had I any satisfactory account to give of my worthy friend, impatient myself to hear of him, I wrote to his uncle; his answer was full of self reproach and contrition, he, not having had letters as he expected, grew anxious and uneasy; he sent a person to make every enquiry possible for his nephew, as far as Alexandria, but to no purpose. All that could be learned was, that a short time since two public caravans were seized and plundered by the Arabs, and the greatest probability is, that our dear Edward was travelling with one of them.

But as this is only conjecture, I am willing to hope the best, and let me instruct

you not to let this report afflict you too much, do not yet give yourself up as a *Widowed Bride*.

That my much respected friend may yet return to make his faithful Celina happy, and rejoice the hearts of all his friends, is the sincere hope and prayer of,

your faithful friend,

A. BENTHAM."

This affliction account rendered Celina truly wretched, she shewed the letter to Mr. Hill, who sincerely sympathized in her sorrows, and with an affection truly paternal he supported her sinking spirits, and assiduously sought every means to cheer and enliven her mind. Celina's grateful heart felt and acknowledged his kindness; she ever looked up to him not only as a faithful friend and adviser, but as a tender and indulgent father; unwilling to render her friends unhappy, she sighed and wept in secret for her Edward, and as to none but Mr. Hill was the cause of her sorrows known, so from all but him, did she wish to conceal them.

Madam Crilnaud undertook Eliza's edu-

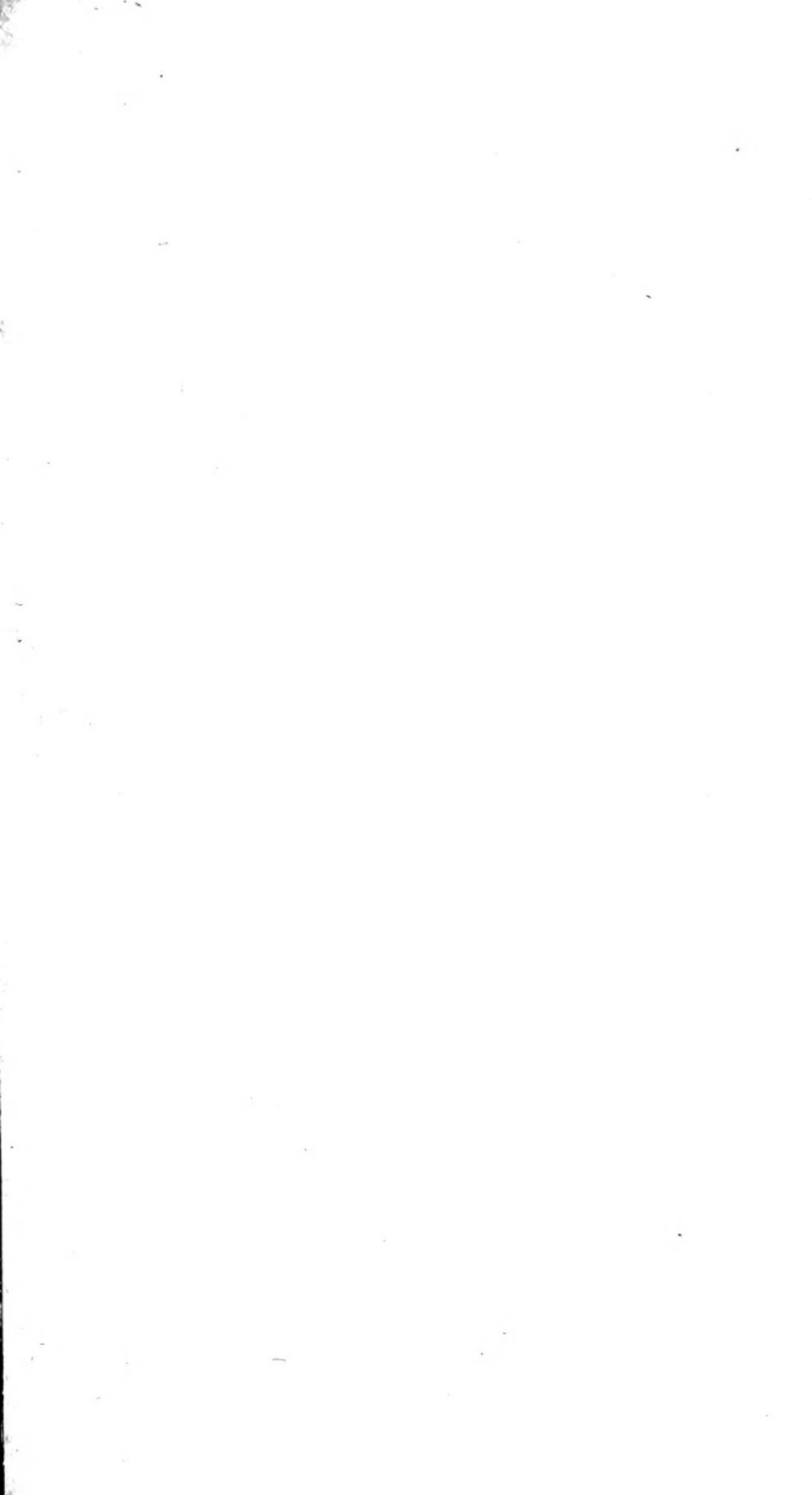
cation, between whom and Alonza Gura-ville a strong attachment was visible, and it was the intention of their friends not to oppose it should it increase.

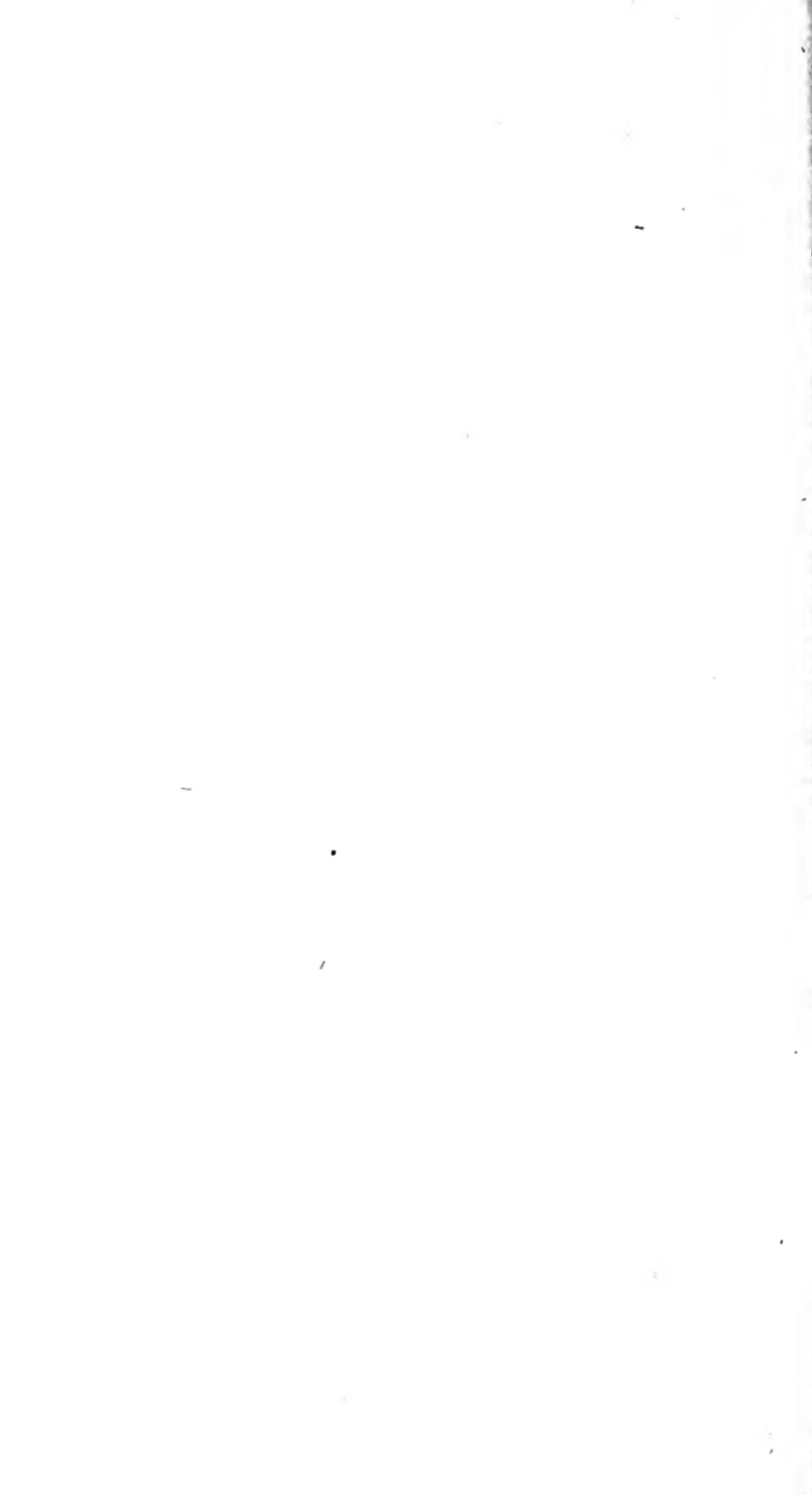
Celina's time was divided between Mrs. Bouvrie and Lady Winnington, now and then she paid a visit to Mr. Hill at Richmond, to which place he sometimes retired.

Celina's heart ever partakes in the general happiness of her friends, but in all probability she will mourn till the end of her existence the uncertain fate of her Edward!

THE END.

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